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JAMES MACPHERSON'S

FRAGMENTS OF ANCIENT POETRY

(1760)

In diplomatischem Neudruck
mit den Lesarten der Umarbeitungen

herausgegeben von

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Nur in 400 Exemplaren gedruckt.



Ein diplomatischer Neudruck der ersten ossianischen Veröffentlichung Macphersons mit den Lesarten der späteren Umarbeitungen bedarf bei der Seltenheit des Originals, das nur in wenigen öffentlichen Bibliotheken zu finden ist, und bei dem Mangel einer kritischen Ausgabe der späteren Ossiantexte keiner Rechtfertigung. Der dürftige, nicht-diplomatische Abdruck der "Fragments", der 1881 in Edinburgh für die Aungervyle Society privat und nur in 150 Exemplaren hergestellt wurde (literarbibliographisch kaum je verzeichnet; ein Exemplar in der Bodleiana, Oxford), ist noch seltener als das Original und im Buchhandel völlig vergriffen.

Die erste Ausgabe der "Fragments" [**A**][1] erschien im Juni 1760 und ist im wesentlichen dem Betreiben Dr. Hugh Blairs zu verdanken, der die Vorrede (Neudruck S. 3—7) dazu schrieb. Da der Report of the Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland ... by Henry Mackenzie (Edinburgh 1805, pp. X + 155, Appendix pp. 1—343) nur schwer zugänglich ist[2], sei hier der Wortlaut der Erklärung Blairs (in einem Briefe vom J. 1797) mitgeteilt (App. p. 57): ... them [sc. die "Fragments"] I published in 1760, under the title of ... and wrote the Preface which is prefixed to them, in consequence of the conversations I had held with Mr Macpherson (dazu vgl. a. a. O. p. 59 ... being myself entirely ignorant of the Gaelic language ...).

Dem Drucke war handschriftliche Verbreitung einiger Fragmente im inneren Kreise der ersten Ossianbewunderer

[1] Benutzt wurde das Exemplar der Bodleiana [85. b. 31] und (zur Korrektur) das Exemplar der Göttinger Universitätsbibliothek [Poet. var. nat. 25].

[2] Ein Exemplar in der Göttinger Universitätsbibliothek [Poet. var. nat. 129].

vorangegangen, wie Macpherson selbst in der Vorrede zu Fingal 1762 (Blatt a = dritte Seite der 'Preface') berichtet: "It is now two years ſince the firſt tranſlations from the Galic language were handed about among people of taſte in Scotland. They became at laſt ſo much corrupted, through the careleſsneſs of tranſcribers, that, for my own ſake, I was obliged to print the genuine copies. Some other pieces were added, to ſwell the publication into a pamphlet, which was entitled, Fragments of Ancient Poetry."

Ob solche handschriftliche Originale oder Kopien noch existieren, läßt sich aus keinem literarischen Hilfsmittel feststellen. Der Abdruck einzelner Fragmente in englischen Zeitschriften vom J. 1760 geht nach B. Saunders (Life and Letters of J. Macpherson, 1895, p. 82) auf die Buchausgabe zurück. Eine Ausnahme scheint die Veröffentlichung zweier Fragmente (Nr. V und XII) im Juniheft des "Gentleman's Magazine"[1], London 1760 [**M**] zu bilden, auf die bereits L. Chr. Stern, Die ossianischen Heldenlieder, Zs. f. vgl. LG., NF. VIII, 1895, p. 68 kurz verwiesen hat. Da im Septemberheft (p. 407ff.) anläßlich des Abdruckes zweier weiterer Fragmente (Nr. VI und VII) nach der Buchausgabe ausdrücklich bemerkt wird, seit der Veröffentlichung der Fragmente im Juniheft sei eine Sammlung im Druck erschienen[2], kann die Priorität des Juniheftes nicht bezweifelt werden. Doch steht auch diese Veröffentlichung zweifellos bereits im Zusammenhange mit dem Drucke der "Fragments", die ebenfalls im Juni erschienen, und dürfte aus dem Kreise Dr. Blairs

[1] The Gentleman's Magazine, and Hiſtorical Chronicle. Volume XXX. For the Year M.DCC.LX. By Sylvanus Urban, Gent. London: Printed for D. Henry, and R. Cave, at St John's Gate. (Ein Exemplar in der Göttinger Universitätsbibliothek, Scr. var. arg. II 6480.)

[2] "Since two Pieces, called tranſlated Fragments of Erſe Poetry, were publiſhed in our Magazine, ... a ſmall collection of Pieces of

veranlaßt worden sein, da die Zeitschrift in der Überschrift der Junifragmente bereits den Buchtitel vorwegnimmt: "Two Fragments of Antient Poetry collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and tranflated from the Gallic [*sic*] or Erfe Language" (p. 287, Spalte *b*). Der Text zeigt außer einigen Abweichungen der Schreibung und Interpunktion, die auf bloßer Willkür der Druckerei beruhen können und ähnlich auch im Abdruck der Fragmente VI und VII vorkommen, nur so geringfügige und wenige Verbalvarianten (zum Teile offensichtliche Druckfehler), daß er ganz gut der Abdruck eines Aushängebogens des Buches sein könnte. Es liegt daher kein Grund vor, ihn als frühere Fassung zu bezeichnen; doch sind, um dem Benutzer der vorliegenden Ausgabe nichts vorzuenthalten, sämtliche Varianten von **M** zu Nr. V und XII in den Lesarten verzeichnet. Erwähnt sei schließlich, daß schon im Juliheft ein „F.M." die beiden Fragmente in heroic couplets umgedichtet hat (ähnliche Spielereien im Annual Register 1760, s. Saunders, a. a. O.).

Es ist wenig bekannt, daß der ersten Ausgabe der Fragmente noch im gleichen Jahre (1760) eine "Second Edition" [**B**] folgte[1], die von den literarischen Macpherson-Bibliographien nicht verzeichnet zu werden pflegt, obwohl sie keineswegs eine bloße Titelauflage ist. Selbst die neueste Literaturliste der Cambridge History of English Literature (Vol. X, 1913, p. 487), von der man am ehesten Vollständigkeit erwarten sollte, übergeht sie,

the fame kind has appeared printed at Edinburgh, and reprinted in London; ..... the following are inferted as a farther fpecimen for the gratification of the Reader's curiofity."

[1] Benutzt in dem Exemplar der Königsberger Universitätsbibliothek Pba 476 (g) 8°. Nach der Signatur g stammt es aus der Bibliothek des Direktors des Friedrichskollegiums, Dr. Fr. A. Gotthold (gest. 1858), s. Schwenke, Adreßbuch der deutschen Bibliotheken 1893.



und ebenso fehlt sie in Lowndes, The Bibliographer's Manual, new edition by Bohn (Vol. VI, 1861, p. 1736), Graesse's Trésor de livres rares et précieux (Vol. V, 1864, p. 59), im DNB und sonstigen Hilfsmitteln[1].

Diese "Second Edition" stimmt in Format und Typen mit der ersten, ist aber, wie wiederholt abweichende Seiten- und Zeilenschlüsse beweisen, neu gesetzt, ändert gelegentlich am Stile der Texte und fügt den 15 Fragmenten von **A** ein neues bei (Neudruck S. 46—50), das hinter Nr. XII eingeschoben ist, so daß **A** XIII—XV in **B** die Nummern XIV—XVI tragen. Den Texten folgt auf p. 79 als kurzer Bericht über das Verhältnis zu A nachstehendes

Advertiſement.

IN this edition ſome paſſages will be found altered from the former. The alterations are drawn from more compleat copies the tranſlator had obtained of the originals[2], ſince the former publication. One entire poem is alſo added; which ſtands N° XIII. in this edition. It may be proper to inform the public, that meaſures are now taken for making a more full collection of the remaining works of the ancient Scottiſh Bards; in particular for recovering and tranſlating the heroic poem mentioned in the preface.

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[1] Ich verdanke die Kenntnis von ihrer Existenz dem o. a. Aufsatz von Stern.

[2] Dazu vgl. Sterns Bemerkung: „Nur zweien von den Fragmenten, Nr. 6 und 14 [nach der Zählung von B, = 13 A] liegen Balladen zugrunde, d. h. wenige Zeilen aus solchen, alles übrige ist sentimentale Phantasie" (a. a. O. p. 68).

In der vorliegenden Ausgabe ist das Plusfragment von B als „XIII B“ an der entsprechenden Textstelle eingereiht; die Lesarten verzeichnen sämtliche Varianten.

Als Macpherson im J. 1761 den Fingalband [**F**][1] vorbereitete (erschienen December 1761 mit dem Titeljahr 1762[2], s. Saunders, p. 161), verarbeitete er die Fragmente I, II, IV, V in Carric-thura, X—XII in The Songs of Selma, XIII—XV in Fingal; Nr. VII wurde in einer Note zu Temora als Variante beigefügt. Die Nummern III, VI, VIII, IX, XIII B blieben unbenutzt, und da im Temora-Bande von 1763[3] bei Wiederholung von „Temora“ als „Temora Book I“ die Variante nicht mehr gegeben wurde und Macpherson keines der unbenutzten Fragmente verwertete, blieben sechs der sechzehn Fragmente dauernd von der Aufnahme in die späteren Gesamtausgaben ausgeschlossen[4]. Der Text der verwerteten Fragmente zeigt stilistische Retouchen, die in den Fingalpartien ziemlich weit gehen, aber auch sonst zahlreicher und stärker sind als die geringfügigen Änderungen des **B**-Textes gegenüber **A**.

[1] Er enthält außer Fingal noch: Comala, The War of Caros, The War of Inis-thona, The Battle of Lora, Conlath and Cuthona, Carthon, The Death of Cuchullin, Darthula, Temora [= Book I], Carric-thura, The Songs of Selma, Calthon and Colmal, Lathmon, Oithona, Croma, Berrathon.

[2] Die "Second Edition" 1762 [ein Exemplar im Würzburger Englischen Seminar] ist, wie die Kollation mit der ersten Ausgabe [Kgl. Bibliothek Berlin, Zr 3608] zeigte, eine bloße Titelauflage. Da sich (wenigstens im Bereiche der in Betracht kommenden Textpartien) vollkommene Übereinstimmung ergab, ist bei der Korrekturlesung das Würzburger Exemplar benutzt worden.

[3] Er enthält außer Temora (in acht Büchern) noch: Cathlin of Clutha, Sulmalla of Lumon, Cath-loda, Oina-morul, Colna-dona, und A Specimen of the Original of Temora, Bk VII.

[4] Die Angaben bei Stern p. 68, Anm. stimmen infolge von Druck- oder Rechenfehlern nicht.

Im J. 1773 gab Macpherson den inzwischen wiederholt neugedruckten Ossiandichtungen eine neue und endgiltige Fassung in der zweibändigen Ausgabe [**P**]: The Poems of Ossian. Translated By James Macpherson, Esq; In Two Volumes. A New Edition, Carefully corrected, and greatly improved. London: Printed for W. Strahan; and T. Becket, in the Strand, Bookseller to their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Bishop of Osnabrugh. MDCCLXXIII[1]. In der vom 15. August 1773 datierten Vorrede sagt Macpherson: "Without encreaſing his genius, the Author may have improved his language, in the eleven years, that the following poems have been in the hands of the public. Errors in diction might have been committed at twenty-four, which the experience of a riper age may remove; and ſome exuberances in imagery may be reſtrained, with advantage, by a degree of judgment acquired in the progreſs of time. Impreſſed with this opinion, he ran over the whole with attention and accuracy; and, he hopes, he has brought the work to a ſtate of correctneſs, which will preclude all future improvements". Und am Schlusse der 'Preface' heißt es: "One of the chief improvements, on [*so* P, *nicht* in, *wie im Tauchnitzdruck*] this edition, is the care taken, in arranging the poems in the order of time; ſo as to form a kind of regular hiſtory of the age to which they relate. The writer has now reſigned them for ever to their fate."

Ob in dem zwischen den Fingal- und Temorabänden von 1762—1763 und dieser neuen Textredaktion liegenden Drucken textliche Änderungen vorgenommen worden waren, war mir nicht möglich zu untersuchen; die Worte Macphersons lassen aber keinen Zweifel, daß erst die **P**-Redaktion eine wirkliche Umarbeitung darstellt, die,

[1] Der Majuskeldruck einzelner Wörter und die ſ des Originals sind hier mit normalen Lettern wiedergegeben.

wie schon die Lesarten zu den kleinen Textpartien in der vorliegenden Ausgabe zeigen, relativ sehr weitgehend war, so daß die Mehrzahl der Fragmente eine dreifache Textstufe aufweist: **A** (mit **B**), **F**, **P**. Daß die Retouchen fortschreitende Besserungen darstellen, wird sich schwerlich behaupten lassen; namentlich die Lesarten von **P** tragen mehr oder weniger den Charakter der Verschnörkelung und Verkünstelung.

Der Textus receptus unserer modernen Handausgaben (z. B. Tauchnitz 1847, Bohn's Miniature Classics Ld. 1852) geht auf **P** (oder einen der noch zu Macphersons Lebzeiten erschienenen Neudrucke von P) zurück, wie sich schon aus dem Abdruck der Preface von 1773 ergibt; auch der Vergleich der für die vorliegende Ausgabe in Betracht kommenden Texte der Tauchnitz-Edition [**T**] mit **P** ergab ihre Übereinstimmung. Doch ist zu beachten, daß **T** und Bohn die Orthographie modernisieren, die Interpunktion vielfach anders regeln, in der Absatzteilung gelegentlich abweichen, Druckfehler von P verbessern u. ä. m.; von Wortabweichungen ist mir innerhalb der verglichenen Texte nur ein Fall begegnet (**A** p. 48, 2: **P** *heath*, T und Bohn *beach*), der in seiner Vereinzelung eher ein Versehen der gemeinsamen Vorlage darstellt als eine nachträgliche Änderung Macphersons, die in Widerspruch zu der wiederholt als *heath* bezeichneten Ortsbestimmung stünde. Auch die zahlreichen Anmerkungen von **P** sind im Textus receptus teils weggelassen, teils stark beschnitten. Es ist daher vor der Täuschung zu warnen, daß **T** ein getreues Bild von **P** gebe, was bei einem Vergleiche der **P**-Varianten mit dem Tauchnitztext nicht außer Acht zu lassen ist. Die Lesarten der vorliegenden Ausgabe sind unmittelbar nach **P** gegeben[1]; auf die (na-

[1] Benutzt wurde das Exemplar der Berliner Universitätsbibliothek Zr 14307.

mentlich in der Interpunktion zahlreichen) formalen Abweichungen von T besonders hinzuweisen wäre nur Ballast gewesen.

Die Einrichtung der vorliegenden Ausgabe erfordert nur wenige Erläuterungen. Der Text von **A** (und XIIIB) ist in vollkommener diplomatischer Treue wiedergegeben[1]. Da das Original sehr sorgfältig gedruckt ist, waren nur zwei Druckfehler (A 49 7, A 56 6) im Text zu berichtigen und in die Lesarten zu stellen. Die Zeilen des Neudrucks entsprechen dem Original; das Seitenbild des Originals ließ sich infolge der Zufügung der Lesarten nicht beibehalten; daher sind die Seitenziffern und die Custoden (Blatthüter) nicht reproduziert, ebensowenig die freien Seitenreste am Schlusse einiger Fragmente. Die Seitenzahlen des Originals sind links, die Zeilenzahlen rechts vermerkt. Die einzige Änderung der Druckanordnung betrifft die Stelle der Anmerkungen; diese mußten natürlich im Neudruck vom Fuße der Originalseite an das Textende der Neudruckseite, auf der die zugehörige Textzeile ihren Platz gefunden hat, umgestellt werden[2].

Die Lesarten geben sämtliche Varianten der Schreibung[3], Interpunktion, Absatzgliederung und des Wort-

[1] Nicht reproduziert sind die Ligaturen von ct, fl, ſt u. ä., die Differenzen in der Länge der Gedankenstriche, in der Breite der Absatzintervalle und in den Höhenmaßen der fettgedruckten Initialen zu Beginn der Preface und der Fragmente II—XV (bei Nr. I ist die Initiale auch im Original übernormal).

[2] Die etwas größere Zeilenlänge der Anmerkungen im Neudruck ist nur dadurch veranlaßt, daß die zur Verfügung stehende Schriftgattung sich nicht enger setzen ließ; im Original ist die Zeilenlänge des Textes und der Anmerkungen gleich.

[3] Auf innere Inkonsequenzen der Schreibung sei hier ausdrücklich hingewiesen, um dem Leser Zweifel an der Richtigkeit der Ausgabe zu ersparen. So schwankt **A** zwischen warriour und warrior, **B** zwischen

lautes[1]. Die Beschränkung auf Verbalvarianten erwies sich als untunlich, da bei rhythmischen Prosatexten die Interpunktion Fingerzeige für den Vortrag und die rhythmische Gliederung bietet; auch der Umstand, daß die modernen Handausgaben in bezug auf Interpunktion ganz unzuverlässig sind, legte ihre Verzeichnung nahe. In den Lesarten wird nach Seite und Zeile des *Originals* zitiert. Vor der Klammer steht der Text von **A**, hinter der Klammer folgen die Lesarten; wo die Abweichung nur in der Interpunktion liegt, ist diese allein gesetzt (z. B. 11 3 Shilric.]! **P**) da das Textwort in diesem Falle bloß als Index dient. Abweichend von der gewöhnlichen Lesartentechnik ist sowohl beim Stichwort als bei der Variante auch die Interpunktion wiederholt (z. B. 12 4 him.] Shilric. **P**), teils weil sie bei farblosen, in derselben Zeile sich wiederholenden Wörtern die nähere Bestimmung gibt, teils weil die Wiederholung bei längeren Satzgliedern doch unvermeidlich war und durch abweichende Behandlung bei einzelnen Wörtern eine beirrende Inkonsequenz entstanden wäre. Wenn zwei oder drei Texte eine gemeinsame längere Variante zeigen, innerhalb welcher sie in einzelnen Wörtern untereinander abweichen, so ist diese Abweichung in Klammern eingefügt, und zwar, wo drei Textstufen in Betracht kommen, mit Zufügung des Siegelbuchstabens (z. B. 21 7: *Zusatz* **BFP**: Bend thy red eye

gray und grey, u. ä. m. Die Ausgabe enthält sich jeder Änderung, und führt die Abweichungen der anderen Texte in den Lesarten jedesmal einzeln an.

[1] Nur abweichende Verwendung von Typengattungen (Majuskelschrift für Normalschrift oder umgekehrt) ist (mit Ausnahme der Varianten des Titelblattes von **B**) nicht verzeichnet; in Majuskeltypen gedruckte Wörter sind in den Lesarten (als Stichwort oder Variante) in Normaltype umgesetzt. Ebensowenig verzeichnet sind natürlich abweichende Worttrennungen an Zeilenschlüssen von **MBFP**, deren Zeilenlängen von **A** verschieden sind.

over my tomb, [grave, **P**]); wo nur zwei Textstufen in Frage stehen, ist die Lesart in Klammern die Variante der zweiten (z. B. 63 7: of terror.] and terrible. [!] **FP**, d. h. **P** = **F**, schließt jedoch mit Ausrufzeichen statt Punkt); Zusätze sind durch *add.* gekennzeichnet, nur bei Interpunktionszusätzen innerhalb der gleichen Variante zweier Texte ist davon abgesehen worden, da ein [,] keinen Zweifel übrig läßt, daß es ein Zusatz der zweitgenannten Textstufe ist.

Sämtliche Texte sind von mir wiederholt kollationiert worden, und durch das Entgegenkommen der Kgl. Bibliothek Berlin, der Kgl. Universitätsbibliotheken Berlin, Göttingen und Königsberg, deren Direktionen ich meinen verbindlichsten Dank abstatte, war es mir möglich, auch die Korrektur nochmals mit den Originalen zu vergleichen (**F** s. S. VII, Note). Ich darf daher hoffen, daß mir auch bei der minutiösen Kollation der Interpunktionsvarianten nichts entgangen ist.

Kein Wandel des literarischen Geschmackes wird Macphersons Ossian je die Stellung zurückgeben, die er in der Teilnahme seiner Zeitgenossen einnahm. Für uns aber bleibt er unauflöslich verbunden mit dem Sturm und Drang, aus dem sich unsere klassische Dichtung erhob, mit dem Bilde des jungen Herder, der „auf scheiterndem Schiffe, mit Meer bespült und mit Mitternachtswind umschauert, Fingal las und Morgen hoffte", mit den Tagen, da dem jungen Goethe vor der dämmernden Größe des Straßburger Münsters das Geheimnis einer nordischen Kunstempfindung aufging, deren Gegensatz zu der süd-

lichen Klarheit der Antike er auch im Verhältnis des ossianischen Naturgefühls zu der homerischen Landschaft empfand. Vielleicht findet die Neuausgabe, die nach anderthalb Jahrhunderten die ersten Ossianlieder wieder zugänglich macht, neben philologischen Benutzern auch ein und den andern Leser, der von diesen Erinnerungen geleitet, sich der Stimmung hingibt: "Thou dweller between the ſhields that hang, on high, in Oſſian's hall, deſcend from thy place, O harp, and let me hear thy voice." (Temora Bk. V.)

Würzburg, 17. August 1915.

Abkürzungen.

A	Fragments of Ancient Poetry, Edinburgh 1760 (s. S. III).
B	" " " " , Second Edition, Edinburgh 1760 (s. S. V).
M	The Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. XXX, London 1760 (s. S. IV).
F	Fingal, together with several other Poems, London 1762 (s. S. VII).
P	The Poems of Ossian, in two vols. London 1773 (s. S. VIII).
T	Tauchnitz Edition der Poems. Leipzig 1847 (s. S. IX).

[pg. I]

FRAGMENTS

OF

ANCIENT POETRY,

Collected in the Highlands of Scotland,

AND

Tranſlated from the Galic or Erſe Language.

Vos quoque qui fortes animas, belloque peremtas
Laudibus in longum vates dimittitis ævum,
Plurima ſecuri fudiſtis carmina Bardi.

LUCAN.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for G. HAMILTON and J. BALFOUR.

MDCCLX.

Abweichungen des Titels der zweiten Ausgabe 1760 (= B)*:*
Z. 4 HIGHLANDS of SCOTLAND, Z. 6 GALIC or ERSE
Zwischen Zeile 6 *und* 7 *Zusatz:* The SECOND EDITION.
Z. 11 *Kolon fehlt*



[III] # PREFACE.

THE public may depend on the following fragments as genuine remains of ancient Scottiſh poetry. The date of their compoſition cannot be exactly aſcertained. Tradition, in the 5 country where they were written, refers them to an æra of the moſt remote antiquity: and this tradition is ſupported by the ſpirit and ſtrain of the poems themſelves; which abound with thoſe 10 ideas, and paint thoſe manners, that belong to the moſt early ſtate of ſociety. The diction too, in the original, is very obſolete; and differs widely from the ſtyle of ſuch poems as have 15 been written in the ſame language two or three centuries ago. They were certainly compoſed before the eſtabliſh-[IV]ment of clanſhip in the northern part 1 of Scotland, which is itſelf very ancient; for had clans been then formed and known, they muſt have made a conſiderable figure in the work of a Highland 5 Bard; whereas there is not the leaſt mention of them in theſe poems. It is remark-

Die **Preface** *(verfaßt von Blair, s. Einl.) nur in* **AB**; *1762 und 1763 durch je eine ausführlichere „Dissertation" ersetzt* (**T** *pg. 6 ff., 17 ff.*). *Blair's „Critical Dissertation"* (**T** *pg. 43 ff.*), *zuerst 1763 selbständig erschienen, wurde 1765 der ersten Gesamtausgabe beigefügt.*

able that there are found in them no allu-
ſions to the Chriſtian religion or worſhip;
indeed, few traces of religion of any kind. 10
One circumſtance ſeems to prove them
to be coeval with the very infancy of
Chriſtianity in Scotland. In a frag-
ment of the ſame poems, which the
tranſlator has ſeen, a Culdee or Monk 15
is repreſented as deſirous to take down
in writing from the mouth of Oſcian,
who is the principal perſonage in ſeveral
of the following fragments, his warlike
atchievements and thoſe of his family. 20
But Oſcian treats the monk and his reli-
gion with diſdain, telling him, that the
deeds of ſuch great men were ſubjects too
[V] high to be recorded by him, or by any 1
of his religion: A full proof that
Chriſtianity was not as yet eſtabliſhed
in the country.

Though the poems now publiſhed 5
appear as detached pieces in this col-
lection, there is ground to believe that
moſt of them were originally epiſodes
of a greater work which related to the
wars of Fingal. Concerning this hero 10
innumerable traditions remain, to this
day, in the Highlands of Scotland. The
ſtory of Oſcian, his ſon, is ſo generally
known, that to deſcribe one in whom
the race of a great family ends, it has 15

IV 21 monk] Monk B

paſſed into a proverb; "Oſcian the laſt 16
"of the heroes."

There can be no doubt that theſe poems are to be aſcribed to the Bards; a race of men well known to have conti- 20 nued throughout many ages in Ireland [VI] and the north of Scotland. Every chief 1 or great man had in his family a Bard or poet, whoſe office it was to record in verſe, the illuſtrious actions of that fa- mily. By the ſucceſſion of theſe Bards, 5 ſuch poems were handed down from race to race; ſome in manuſcript, but more by oral tradition. And tradition, in a country ſo free of intermixture with fo- reigners, and among a people ſo ſtrong- 10 ly attached to the memory of their an- ceſtors, has preſerved many of them in a great meaſure incorrupted to this day.

They are not ſet to muſic, nor ſung. The verſification in the original is 15 ſimple; and to ſuch as underſtand the language, very ſmooth and beautiful. Rhyme is ſeldom uſed: but the cadence, and the length of the line varied, ſo as to ſuit the ſenſe. The tranſlation is ex- 20 tremely literal. Even the arrangement of the words in the original has been [VII] imitated; to which muſt be imputed 1 ſome inverſions in the ſtyle, that other- wiſe would not have been choſen.

Of the poetical merit of theſe frag- ments nothing ſhall here be ſaid. Let 5

the public judge, and pronounce. It 6
is believed, that, by a careful inquiry,
many more remains of ancient genius,
no leſs valuable than thoſe now given
to the world, might be found in the 10
ſame country where theſe have been
collected. In particular there is reaſon
to hope that one work of conſiderable
length, and which deſerves to be ſtyled
an heroic poem, might be recovered and 15
tranſlated, if encouragement were given
to ſuch an undertaking. The ſub-
ject is, an invaſion of Ireland by
Swarthan King of Lochlyn; which is
the name of Denmark in the Erſe lan- 20
guage. Cuchulaid, the General or Chief
of the Iriſh tribes, upon intelligence of the
[VIII] invaſion, aſſembles his forces. Councils 1
are held; and battles fought. But af-
ter ſeveral unſucceſsful engagements,
the Iriſh are forced to ſubmit. At
length, Fingal King of Scotland, called 5
in this poem, "The Deſert of the hills,"
arrives with his ſhips to aſſiſt Cuchu-
laid. He expels the Danes from the
country; and returns home victorious.
This poem is held to be of greater anti- 10
quity than any of the reſt that are pre-
ſerved: And the author ſpeaks of him-
ſelf as preſent in the expedition of Fin-
gal. The three laſt poems in the collec-

VIII 1 forces.]; **B** 1 Councils] councils **B**

tion are fragments which the tranſlator 15
obtained of this epic poem; and though
very imperfect, they were judged not
unworthy of being inſerted. If the
whole were recovered, it might ſerve to
throw conſiderable light upon the Scot- 20
tiſh and Iriſh antiquities.

VIII 16 epic] Epic **B** 16 though] tho' **B** *Strich am Schluß im Neudruck eingefügt*

[9]

FRAGMENT

I.

SHILRIC, VINVELA.

Vinvela.

MY love is a ſon of the hill. He purſues the flying deer. His grey dogs are panting around him; his bow-ſtring ſounds in the wind. Whether by the fount of the rock, or by the ſtream of the mountain thou lieſt; when the ruſhes are nodding with the wind, and the miſt is flying over thee, let me approach my love unperceived, and ſee him from the rock. Lovely I ſaw thee firſt by the aged oak; thou wert returning tall from the chace; the faireſt among thy friends.

Fragment I. ABFP. *1762 eingefügt in "Carric-thura":* **F** pg. 195 bis 196, **P** vol. I pg. 55—57 (**T** pg. 144—145).

9,3 grey] gray **BF** 5 Whether] Doſt thou reſt **FP** 6 ſtream .... lieſt;] noiſe of the mountain-ſtream? **FP** 7 when] *fehlt* **FP** 8 with] to **P** 8 and] *fehlt* **FP** 9 is flying] flies **P** 9 thee, let me] the hill. I will **FP** 10 unperceived, and ſee] unſeen; I will behold **P** 12 oak;] oak of Branno; **BFP**, *mit Note* **FP**: Bran, or Branno, ſignifies a *mountain-ſtream:* it is here ſome river known by that name, in the days of Oſſian. There are ſeveral ſmall rivers in the north of Scotland ſtill retaining the name of Bran; in particular one which falls into the Tay at Dunkeld.

[10] SHILRIC.

WHAT voice is that I hear? that voice like the ſummer-wind.—I ſit not by the nodding ruſhes; I hear not the fount of the rock. Afar, Vinvela, afar I go to the wars of Fingal. My dogs attend me no more. No more I tread the hill. No more from on high I ſee thee, fair-moving by the ſtream of the plain; bright as the bow of heaven; as the moon on the weſtern wave. 1 5 10

VINVELA.

THEN thou art gone, O Shilric! and I am alone on the hill. The deer are ſeen on the brow; void of fear they graze along. No more they dread the wind; no more the ruſtling tree. The hunter is far removed; [11] he is in the field of graves. Strangers! ſons of the waves! ſpare my lovely Shilric. 15 1

SHILRIC.

IF fall I muſt in the field, raiſe high my grave, Vinvela. Grey ſtones, and 5

10,2 ſummer-wind.]! **P** 2 *Gedankenstrich in zwei Bruchteile aufgelöst* **A**, *fehlt* **P** 4 *Zu* Vinvela *Note in* **FP**: Bhín-bheul, *a woman with a melodious voice. Bh* in the Galic Language [language] has the ſame ſound with the *v* in Engliſh. 5 afar] *Komma add.* **P** 13 and] *fehlt* **P** 13 hill.]! **P** **11**,3 Shilric.]! **P** 5 Grey] Gray **F** 5 ſtones,] *Komma fehlt* **FP**

heapedup earth, ſhall mark me to future 6
times. When the hunter ſhall ſit by
the mound, and produce his food at
noon, "ſome warrior reſts here," he
will ſay; and my fame ſhall live in his 10
praiſe. Remember me, Vinvela, when
low on earth I lie!

VINVELA.

YES!—I will remember thee—indeed
my Shilric will fall. What ſhall I do,
my love! when thou art gone for ever? 15
Through theſe hills I will go at noon: I
will go through the ſilent heath. There
[12] I will ſee where often thou ſatteſt return- 1
ing from the chace. Indeed, my Shil-
ric will fall; but I will remember
him.

[13] II.

I SIT by the moſſy fountain; on the 1
top of the hill of winds. One tree is
ruſtling above me. Dark waves roll
over the heath. The lake is troubled
below. The deer deſcend from the 5

11,9 "ſome] "Some **BFP** 13 *beide Gedankenstriche fehlen* **P** 13 thee] *Semikolon add.* **P** 13 indeed] Indeed **F** alas! **P** 14 fall.]! **P** 15 gone for ever?] for ever gone? **P** 12,1 where..... ſatteſt] the place of thy reſt, **BFP** 2 Indeed,] Alas! **P** 4 him.] Shilric. **P**

Fragment II. ABFP. *1762 eingefügt in "Carric-thura"* ("the ſong of Shilric; when he returned to his hills, and Vinvela was no more"): **F** pg. 197—198, **P** vol. I pg. 58—59 (**T** pg. 145—146).

hill. No hunter at a diſtance is ſeen; 6
no whiſtling cow-herd is nigh. It is
mid-day: but all is ſilent. Sad are my
thoughts as I ſit alone. Didſt thou
but appear, O my love, a wanderer on 10
the heath! thy hair floating on the
wind behind thee; thy boſom heaving
on the ſight; thine eyes full of tears
for thy friends, whom the miſt of the
hill had concealed! Thee I would com- 15
fort, my love, and bring thee to thy
father's houſe.

[14] But is it ſhe that there appears, like
a beam of light on the heath? bright
as the moon in autumn, as the ſun in 1
a ſummer-ſtorm? — She ſpeaks: but
how weak her voice! like the breeze
in the reeds of the pool. Hark!

Returnest thou ſafe from the war? 5
Where are thy friends, my love? I
heard of thy death on the hill; I heard
and mourned thee, Shilric!

Yes, my fair, I return; but I alone
of my race. Thou ſhalt ſee them no 10
more: their graves I raiſed on the plain.
But why art thou on the deſert hill?
why on the heath, alone?

13,6 ſeen;]. **P** 7 no.... nigh.] *fehlt* **P** 9 as I ſit] *fehlt* **BFP** 17 houſe.]! **P** 14,2 ſummer-ſtorm?] ſummer-ſtorm, comeſt thou, lovely [O **P**] maid, over rocks, over mountains to me? **BFP** *(2. und 3. Komma fehlt* **B***)* 2 *Strich fehlt* **P** 4 pool.] lake. **P** 4 Hark!] *fehlt* **FP** 5—13 *zwischen Anführungszeichen* **P** *(die Rede endet jedoch mit Z. 8)* 9 *kein Absatz* **P** 13 why] Why **FP** 13 heath,] *Komma fehlt* **P**

ALONE I am, O Shilric! alone in the winter-houſe. With grief for thee I ex- 15
pired. Shilric, I am pale in the tomb.

SHE fleets, ſhe ſails away; as grey miſt before the wind!—and, wilt thou
[15] not ſtay, my love? Stay and behold 1
my tears? fair thou appeareſt, my love! fair thou waſt, when alive!

BY the moſſy fountain I will ſit; on the top of the hill of winds. When 5
mid-day is ſilent around, converſe, O my love, with me! come on the wings of the gale! on the blaſt of the moun- tain, come! Let me hear thy voice, as thou paſſeſt, when mid-day is ſilent a- 10
round.

[16] III.

EVENING is grey on the hills. The 1
north wind reſounds through the woods. White clouds riſe on the ſky: the trembling ſnow deſcends. The river howls afar, along its winding courſe. Sad, 5
by a hollow rock, the grey-hair'd Carryl

14,14—16 *zwischen Anführungszeichen* **P** 15 expired.] fell. **P** 17 grey] gray **F** *fehlt* **P** 18 *Gedankenstrich fehlt* **P** **15**,1 my love?] Vinvela? **P** 2 tears?]! **P** 2 my love!] Vinvela! **FP** 6 converſe . . . . . me!] O talk with me, Vinvela! **P** 7 wings of the] light-winged **P** 8 blaſt] breeze **P** 8 mountain,] deſart, **P** 10 around.]! **P**

Fragment III. AB.

16,4 trembling] thin-wavering **B**

ſat. Dry fern waves over his head; his 7
ſeat is in an aged birch. Clear to the
roaring winds he lifts his voice of woe.

Tossed on the wavy ocean is He, 10
the hope of the iſles; Malcolm, the
ſupport of the poor; foe to the proud
in arms! Why haſt thou left us behind?
why live we to mourn thy fate? We
might have heard, with thee, the voice 15
of the deep; have ſeen the oozy rock.

Sad on the ſea-beat ſhore thy ſpouſe
looketh for thy return. The time of
[17] thy promiſe is come; the night is ga- 1
thering around. But no white ſail is
on the ſea; no voice is heard except
the bluſtering winds. Low is the ſoul
of the war! Wet are the locks of youth! 5
By the foot of ſome rock thou lieſt;
waſhed by the waves as they come.
Why, ye winds, did ye bear him on
the deſert rock? Why, ye waves, did
ye roll over him? 10

But, Oh! what voice is that?
Who rides on that meteor of fire! Green
are his airy limbs. It is he! it is the
ghoſt of Malcolm!—Reſt, lovely ſoul,
reſt on the rock; and let me hear thy 15
voice!—He is gone, like a dream of
the night. I ſee him through the trees.

17,3 is heard except] but B 16 voice! —] voice — B

Daughter of Reynold! he is gone. Thy ſpouſe ſhall return no more. No more ſhall his hounds come from the 20 hill, forerunners of their maſter. No more from the diſtant rock ſhall his

[18] voice greet thine ear. Silent is he in 1 the deep, unhappy daughter of Reynold!

I will ſit by the ſtream of the plain. Ye rocks! hang over my head. Hear 5 my voice, ye trees! as ye bend on the ſhaggy hill. My voice ſhall preſerve the praiſe of him, the hope of the iſles.

[19]

IV.

CONNAL, CRIMORA.

Crimora.

WHO cometh from the hill, like 1 a cloud tinged with the beam of the weſt? Whoſe voice is that, loud as the wind, but pleaſant as the harp of Carryl? It is my love in the light of 5

Fragment IV. ABFP *1762 eingefügt in "Carric-thura":* **F** pg. 205 *bis* 206, **P** vol. I pg. 68—70 (**T** pg. 151—152).

Titelzeile] *Schlußpunkt in* **A** *komma-ähnlich, in* **B** *klar. Zu* Crimora *(Überschrift vor Textzeile 1) Note in* **FP**: Cri-móra, *a woman of a great ſoul.*

19,5 Carryl?] Carril? **FP**, *mit Note:* Perhaps the Carril mentioned here is the ſame with Carril the ſon of Kinfena, Cuchullin's [*auch* **P** *so*] bard. The name itself is proper to any bard, as it ſignifies *a ſprightly and harmonious ſound.*

ſteel; but ſad is his darkened brow. 6
Live the mighty race of Fingal? or
what diſturbs my Connal?

CONNAL.

THEY live. I ſaw them return from
the chace, like a ſtream of light. The 10
ſun was on their ſhields: In a line they
deſcended the hill. Loud is the voice of
[20] the youth; the war, my love, is near. 1
To-morrow the enormous Dargo comes
to try the force of our race. The race of
Fingal he defies; the race of battle and
wounds. 5

CRIMORA.

CONNAL, I ſaw his ſails like grey miſt
on the ſable wave. They came to land.
Connal, many are the warriors of
Dargo!

CONNAL.

BRING me thy father's ſhield; the iron 10
ſhield of Rinval; that ſhield like the
full moon when it is darkened in the
ſky.

19,6 brow.]! **P** 8 diſturbs my Connal?] darkens in Connal's ſoul? **P.** *Zu* Connal *Note in* **FP:** Connal, the ſon of Diaran, was one of the moſt famous heroes of Fingal; he was ſlain in a battle againſt Dargo a Briton; but whether by the hand of the enemy, or that of his miſtreſs, tradition does not determine. 9 I ſaw them] They **P** 11 was] is **P** 11 ſhields:]. **FP** 11 In a line] Like a ridge of fire **BFP** 12 deſcended] deſcend **P** **20,1** youth;]! **P** 1 near.]! **P** 2 enormous] terrible **F** dreadful **P** 5 wounds.]! **P** 6 grey] gray **F** 7 ſable] dark-brown **P** 7 came] ſlowly came **BFP** 10 iron] boſſy, iron **FP** 12 full moon when it] full-orbed moon, when ſhe **P** 12 is] moves **FP** 12 in the ſky.] through heaven. **FP**

[21] CRIMORA.

THAT ſhield I bring, O Connal; but 1
it did not defend my father. By the
ſpear of Gauror he fell. Thou mayſt
fall, O Connal!

CONNAL.

FALL indeed I may: But raiſe my 5
tomb, Crimora. Some ſtones, a mound
of earth, ſhall keep my memory.
Though fair thou art, my love, as the
light; more pleaſant than the gale of
the hill; yet I will not ſtay. Raiſe my 10
tomb, Crimora.

CRIMORA.

THEN give me thoſe arms of light;
that ſword, and that ſpear of ſteel. I
ſhall meet Dargo with thee, and aid my
[22] lovely Connal. Farewell, ye rocks of 1
Ardven! ye deer! and ye ſtreams of
the hill!—We ſhall return no more.
Our tombs are diſtant far.

21,3 Gauror] Gormar **FP** 3 mayſt] may'ſt **FP** 5 indeed] *fehlt* **P** 5 may:]! **P** 6 Crimora.]! **P** 6 Some] Gray **F** Grey **P** 7 keep my memory.] ſend my name to other times. **P** *Hierauf Zusatz* **BFP**: Bend thy red eye over my tomb, [grave, **P**] and [*fehlt* **P**] beat thy breaſt of ſighs. [thy mournful heaving breaſt. **FP**] 10 ſtay.] here remain. **P** 11 Crimora.]! **P** 12 of light;] that gleam; **P** 14 thee,] Connal, **P** 14 my] him **P** **22**,1 lovely Connal.] in the fight. **P** 1 Farewell,] Farewel, **FP** 3 *Strich fehlt* **P** 4 far.]! **P**

[23] V.

AUTUMN is dark on the mountains; 1
grey miſt reſts on the hills. The
whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark
rolls the river through the narrow plain.
A tree ſtands alone on the hill, and 5
marks the grave of Connal. The leaves
whirl round with the wind, and ſtrew
the grave of the dead. At times are
ſeen here the ghoſts of the deceaſed,
when the muſing hunter alone ſtalks 10
ſlowly over the heath.

WHO can reach the ſource of thy
race, O Connal? and who recount thy
Fathers? Thy family grew like an oak
on the mountain, which meeteth the 15
wind with its lofty head. But now it
is torn from the earth. Who ſhall ſup-
ply the place of Connal?

[24] HERE was the din of arms; and 1
here the groans of the dying. Mourn-
ful are the wars of Fingal! O Connal!
it was here thou didſt fall. Thine arm

Fragment V. MABFP. *In* **M** pg. 287—288 *als* I. *1762 eingefügt in "Carric-thura":* **F** pg. 206—208, **P** vol. I pg. 71—72 (**T** pg. 152—153). *In* **M** *alle Eigennamen cursiv.*

23,2 grey] gray **F** 4 through] thro' **B** 6 grave of] ſlumbering **FP** 9 deceaſed,] departed, **P** 11 heath.] *Darauf Zusatz* **B**: Appear in thy armour of light, thou ghoſt of the mighty Connal! Shine, near thy tomb, Crimora! like a moon-beam from a cloud. 13 and] *fehlt* **P** 14 Fathers?] fathers? **MFP** 16—17 But.... earth.] *fehlt* **M** **24,1** *kein Absatz* **P** 1 and] *fehlt* **P** 2 Mournful] Bloody **FP**

was like a ſtorm; thy ſword, a beam 5
of the ſky; thy height, a rock on the
plain; thine eyes, a furnace of fire.
Louder than a ſtorm was thy voice,
when thou confoundedſt the field. War-
riors fell by thy ſword, as the thiſtle by 10
the ſtaff of a boy.

Dargo the mighty came on, like a
cloud of thunder. His brows were con-
tracted and dark. His eyes like two
caves in a rock. Bright roſe their 15
ſwords on each ſide; dire was the clang
of their ſteel.

The daughter of Rinval was near;
Crimora, bright in the armour of man;
her hair looſe behind, her bow in her 20
hand. She followed the youth to the
[25] war, Connal her much beloved. She 1
drew the ſtring on Dargo; but erring
pierced her Connal. He falls like an
oak on the plain; like a rock from the
ſhaggy hill. What ſhall ſhe do, hap- 5
leſs maid!—He bleeds; her Connal dies.
All the night long ſhe cries, and all the

24,5 ſword,] *Komma fehlt* **MFP** 9 when . . . . . field.] in the battles of thy ſteel. **FP** 10 thy] the **M** *(Druckfehler)* 12 *kein Absatz* **P** 12 on,] *Komma fehlt* **M** 12—13 like . . . . . thunder.] darkening in his rage. **P** 13—14 contracted and dark.] gathered into wrath. **P** 16 dire] loud **P** 19 Crimora,] *Komma fehlt* **FP** 20 hair] yellow hair is **FP** 20 in] is in **FP** **25,1** much beloved.] *mit Bindestrich* **BFP** 2 erring] *Komma add.* **M** 3 pierced] ſhe pierced **P** 6 *Strich fehlt* **MP** 6 He] he **M** 6 dies.] ! **P**

day, O Connal, my love, and my friend! With grief the ſad mourner died. 10

EARTH here incloſeth the lovelieſt pair on the hill. The graſs grows between the ſtones of their tomb; I ſit in the mournful ſhade. The wind ſighs through the graſs; and their memory 15 ruſhes on my mind. Undiſturbed you now ſleep together; in the tomb of the mountain you reſt alone.

[26] VI.

SON of the noble Fingal, Oſcian, 1 Prince of men! what tears run down the cheeks of age? what ſhades thy mighty ſoul?

MEMORY, ſon of Alpin, memory 5 wounds the aged. Of former times are my thoughts; my thoughts are of the noble Fingal. The race of the king return into my mind, and wound me with remembrance. 10

ONE day, returned from the ſport of the mountains, from purſuing the ſons

25,8—9 O ... friend!] *zwischen Anführungszeichen* **P** 10 died.] dies. **F** dies! **P** 11 *kein Absatz* **P** 11 incloſeth]encloſeth **M** incloſes **FP** 12—13 between] beneath **M** 13 their] the **FP** 13 ſit] often ſit **FP** 15 and] *fehlt* **FP** 18 alone.]! **P**

Fragment VI. AB.

of the hill, we covered this heath with our youth. Fingal the mighty was here, and Oſcur, my ſon, great in war. Fair 15 on our ſight from the ſea, at once, a virgin came. Her breaſt was like the ſnow of one night. Her cheek like the [27] bud of the roſe. Mild was her blue 1 rolling eye: but ſorrow was big in her heart.

FINGAL renowned in war! ſhe cries, ſons of the king, preſerve me! Speak ſe- 5 cure, replies the king, daughter of beauty, ſpeak: our ear is open to all: our ſwords redreſs the injured. I fly from Ullin, ſhe cries, from Ullin famous in war. I fly from the embrace of him 10 who would debaſe my blood. Cremor, the friend of men, was my father; Cremor the Prince of Inverne.

FINGAL's younger ſons aroſe; Carryl expert in the bow; Fillan beloved of 15 the fair; and Fergus firſt in the race. —Who from the fartheſt Lochlyn? who to the ſeas of Molochaſquir? who dares hurt the maid whom the ſons of Fingal guard? Daughter of beauty, reſt 20 [28] ſecure; reſt in peace, thou faireſt of wo- 1 men.

FAR in the blue diſtance of the deep, ſome ſpot appeared like the back of the ridge-wave. But ſoon the ſhip increaſed 5

on our ſight. The hand of Ullin drew 6
her to land. The mountains trembled
as he moved. The hills ſhook at his
ſteps. Dire rattled his armour around
him. Death and deſtruction were in his 10
eyes. His ſtature like the roe of Mor-
ven. He moved in the lightning of
ſteel.

OUR warriours fell before him,
like the field before the reapers. Fin- 15
gal's three ſons he bound. He plun-
ged his ſword into the fair-one's breaſt.
She fell as a wreath of ſnow before the
ſun in ſpring. Her boſom heaved in
death; her ſoul came forth in blood. 20

[29] OSCUR my ſon came down; the 1
mighty in battle deſcended. His armour
rattled as thunder; and the lightning of
his eyes was terrible. There, was the
claſhing of ſwords; there, was the voice 5
of ſteel. They ſtruck and they thruſt;
they digged for death with their ſwords.
But death was diſtant far, and delayed
to come. The ſun began to decline;
and the cow-herd thought of home. 10
Then Oſcur's keen ſteel found the heart
of Ullin. He fell like a mountain-oak
covered over with gliſtering froſt: He
ſhone like a rock on the plain.—
Here the daughter of beauty lieth; and 15
here the braveſt of men. Here one

28,11 roe] oak **B** 14 warriours] warriors **B**

day ended the fair and the valiant. 17
Here reſt the purſuer and the purſued.

Son of Alpin! the woes of the aged 20
are many: their tears are for the paſt.
This raiſed my ſorrow, warriour; me-
[30] mory awaked my grief. Oſcur my 1
ſon was brave; but Oſcur is now no
more. Thou haſt heard my grief, O
ſon of Alpin; forgive the tears of the
aged. 5

[31] VII.

WHY openeſt thou afreſh the ſpring of 1
my grief, O ſon of Alpin, inquiring

29,22 warriour;] warrior; **B**

Fragment VII. ABF. *1762 im Anhang zu "Temora" als Variante; bei der Wiederholung von* 'Temora' *als* 'Temora, Book I' *im Bande von 1763 wurde der Anhang nicht mehr aufgenommen (ebensowenig in* **P**). *Er lautet* (**F** pg. 190—192): One of the Fragments of Ancient Poetry lately publiſhed, gives a different account of the death of Oſcar, the ſon of Oſſian. The tranſlator, though he well knew the more probable tradition concerning that hero, was unwilling to reject a poem, which, if not really of Oſſian's compoſition, has much of his manner, and conciſe turn of expreſſion. A more correct copy of that fragment, which has ſince come to the tranſlator's hands, has enabled him to correct the miſtake, into which a ſimilarity of names had led thoſe who handed down the poem by tradition. — The heroes of the piece are Oſcar the ſon of Caruth, and Dermid the ſon of Diaran. Oſſian, or perhaps his imitator, opens the poem with a lamentation for Oſcar, and afterwards, by an eaſy tranſition, relates the ſtory of Oſcar the ſon of Caruth, who ſeems to have bore the ſame character, as well as name, with Oſcar the ſon of Oſſian. Though the tranſlator thinks he has good reaſon to reject the fragment as the compoſition of Oſſian; yet as it is, after all, ſtill ſomewhat doubtful whether it is or not, he has here ſubjoined it. *Hierauf folgt der Text* [= *Fragment VII.*] *mit den unten verzeichneten Varianten.*

how Oſcur fell? My eyes are blind with tears; but memory beams on my heart. How can I relate the mournful death of 5 the head of the people! Prince of the warriours, Oſcur my ſon, ſhall I ſee thee no more!

He fell as the moon in a ſtorm; as the ſun from the midſt of his courſe, 10 when clouds riſe from the waſte of the waves, when the blackneſs of the ſtorm inwraps the rocks of Ardannider. I, like an ancient oak on Morven, I moulder alone in my place. The blaſt hath lop- 15 ped my branches away; and I tremble at the wings of the north. Prince of the warriors, Oſcur my ſon! ſhall I ſee thee no more!

[32] Dermid and Oſcur were one: They 1 reaped the battle together. Their friendſhip was ſtrong as their ſteel; and death walked between them to the field. They came on the foe like two rocks 5 falling from the brows of Ardven. Their ſwords were ſtained with the blood of the valiant: warriours fainted at their

31,3 Oſcur] Oſcar *(überall)* **F** 6 Prince] Chief **F** 7 warriours,] warriors, **BF** 7 *Komma nach* Oſcur (Oſcar) **BF** 17 Prince] Chief **F** 18 *Komma nach* Oſcur (Oſcar) **BF** 32,1 *vorher in* **F** *(als eigener Abschnitt) eingeschoben:* But, ſon of Alpin, the hero fell not harmleſs as the graſs of the field; the blood of the mighty was on his ſword, and he travelled with death through the ranks of their pride. But Oſcar, thou ſon of Caruth, thou haſt fallen low! No enemy fell by thy hand. Thy ſpear was ſtained with the blood of thy friend. 8 warriours] warriors **BF**

names. Who was a match for Oſcur, but Dermid? and who for Dermid, but 10 Oſcur?

THEY killed mighty Dargo in the field; Dargo before invincible. His daughter was fair as the morn; mild as the beam of night. Her eyes, like 15 two ſtars in a ſhower: her breath, the gale of ſpring: her breaſts, as the new-fallen ſnow floating on the moving heath. The warriours ſaw her, and loved; their ſouls were fixed on the maid. Each 20 loved her, as his fame; each muſt poſſeſs her or die. But her ſoul was fixed [33] on Oſcur; my ſon was the youth of 1 her love. She forgot the blood of her father; and loved the hand that ſlew him.

SON of Oſcian, ſaid Dermid, I love; 5 O Oſcur, I love this maid. But her ſoul cleaveth unto thee; and nothing can heal Dermid. Here, pierce this boſom, Oſcur; relieve me, my friend, with thy ſword. 10

MY ſword, ſon of Morny, ſhall never be ſtained with the blood of Dermid.

32,9 a match for] equal to **F** 10 for] to **F** 11 ?]! **BF** 13 before invincible.] who never fled in war. **F** 19 warriours] warriors **BF** 21 her,] *Komma fehlt* **F** 33,1 my ſon] the ſon of Caruth **F** 5 Oſcian,] Caruth, **F** 11 Morny,] Diaran, **F**

WHO then is worthy to ſlay me, O Oſcur ſon of Oſcian? Let not my life 15 paſs away unknown. Let none but Oſcur ſlay me. Send me with honour to the grave, and let my death be renowned.

[34] DERMID, make uſe of thy ſword; 1 ſon of Morny, wield thy ſteel. Would that I fell with thee! that my death came from the hand of Dermid!

THEY fought by the brook of the 5 mountain; by the ſtreams of Branno. Blood tinged the ſilvery ſtream, and crudled round the moſſy ſtones. Dermid the graceful fell; fell, and ſmiled in death. 10

AND falleſt thou, ſon of Morny; falleſt thou by Oſcur's hand! Dermid invincible in war, thus do I ſee thee fall! —He went, and returned to the maid whom he loved; returned, but ſhe per- 15 ceived his grief.

WHY that gloom, ſon of Oſcian? what ſhades thy mighty ſoul?

33,15 Oſcian?] Caruth? **F** 34,2 Morny,] Diaran, **F** 6 mountain;], **BF** 7 ſilvery ſtream,] running water, **F** 8 crudled] curdled **F** 8—9 Dermid....... fell,] The ſtately Dermid fell; he fell, **F** 11 Morny;] Diaran, **F** 13 invincible] who never yielded **F** 15 whom he loved;] of his love; he **F** 17 Oſcian?] Caruth? **F**

THOUGH once renowned for the bow,
[35] O maid, I have loſt my fame. Fixed on 1
a tree by the brook of the hill, is the
ſhield of Gormur the brave, whom in
battle I ſlew. I have waſted the day
in vain, nor could my arrow pierce it. 5

LET me try, ſon of Oſcian, the ſkill
of Dargo's daughter. My hands were
taught the bow: my father delighted in
my ſkill.

SHE went. He ſtood behind the 10
ſhield. Her arrow flew and pierced his
breaſt*.

[36] BLESSED be that hand of ſnow; and 1
bleſſed thy bow of yew! I fall reſolved
on death: and who but the daughter of
Dargo was worthy to ſlay me? Lay me

* Nothing was held by the ancient Highlanders more eſſential to their glory, than to die by the hand of ſome perſon worthy or renowned. This was the occaſion of Oſcur's contriving to be ſlain by his miſtreſs, now that he was weary of life. In thoſe early times ſuicide was utterly unknown among that people, and no traces of it are found in the old poetry. Whence the tranſlator ſuſpects the account that follows of the daughter of Dargo killing herſelf, to be the interpolation of ſome later Bard.

35,3—4 Gormur .... flew.] the valiant Gormur, whom I ſlew in battle. **F** 6 Oſcian,] Caruth, **F** 11 flew] *Komma add.* **F** 36,2 thy] that **F** 2 I fall ... death:] *fehlt* **F** 3 and who] Who **F** 4 me?] the ſon of Caruth? **F** *Note*] *Z.* 5 *Komma nach* times **B.** *Die Note fehlt in* **F**

in the earth, my fair-one; lay me by the ſide of Dermid. 5

Oscur! I have the blood, the ſoul of the mighty Dargo. Well pleaſed I can meet death. My ſorrow I can end thus.—She pierced her white boſom with ſteel. She fell; ſhe trembled; and died. 10

By the brook of the hill their graves are laid; a birch's unequal ſhade covers their tomb. Often on their green earthen tombs the branchy ſons of the mountain feed, when mid-day is all in flames, and ſilence is over all the hills. 15

[37]

VIII.

BY the ſide of a rock on the hill, beneath the aged trees, old Oſcian ſat on the moſs; the laſt of the race of Fingal. Sightleſs are his aged eyes; his beard is waving in the wind. Dull through the leafleſs trees he heard the voice of the north. Sorrow revived in his ſoul: he began and lamented the dead. 1 5

36,5 fair-one;] fair one; F 7 Oſcur!] Oſcar! the maid replied, F 7 the blood,] *fehlt* F 9 end thus.] end. F 11 with] with the F 18 is] *fehlt* F

Fragment VIII. AB.

How haſt thou fallen like an oak, 10
with all thy branches round thee! Where
is Fingal the King? where is Oſcur my
ſon? where are all my race? Alas! in
the earth they lie. I feel their tombs
with my hands. I hear the river below 15
murmuring hoarſely over the ſtones.
What doſt thou, O river, to me? Thou
bringeſt back the memory of the paſt.

[38] The race of Fingal ſtood on thy 1
banks, like a wood in a fertile ſoil.
Keen were their ſpears of ſteel. Hardy
was he who dared to encounter their
rage. Fillan the great was there. Thou 5
Oſcur wert there, my ſon! Fingal him-
ſelf was there, ſtrong in the grey locks
of years. Full roſe his ſinewy limbs;
and wide his ſhoulders ſpread. The
unhappy met with his arm, when the 10
pride of his wrath aroſe.

The ſon of Morny came; Gaul, the
talleſt of men. He ſtood on the hill like
an oak; his voice was like the ſtreams of
the hill. Why reigneth alone, he cries, 15
the ſon of the mighty Corval? Fingal is
not ſtrong to ſave: he is no ſupport for
the people. I am ſtrong as a ſtorm in
the ocean; as a whirlwind on the hill.
Yield, ſon of Corval; Fingal, yield to 20
me.

38,21 me.] *Hierauf Zusatz* **B**: He came like a rock from the hill, reſounding in his arms.

[39] Oscur ſtood forth to meet him; 1
my ſon would meet the foe. But Fingal came in his ſtrength, and ſmiled at
the vaunter's boaſt. They threw their
arms round each other; they ſtruggled 5
on the plain. The earth is ploughed with
their heels. Their bones crack as the boat
on the ocean, when it leaps from wave to
wave. Long did they toil; with night,
they fell on the ſounding plain; as two 10
oaks, with their branches mingled, fall
craſhing from the hill. The tall ſon
of Morny is bound; the aged overcame.

Fair with her locks of gold, her 15
ſmooth neck, and her breaſts of ſnow;
fair, as the ſpirits of the hill when at
ſilent noon they glide along the heath;
fair, as the rain-bow of heaven; came
Minvane the maid. Fingal! ſhe ſoft- 20
ly ſaith, looſe me my brother Gaul.
Looſe me the hope of my race, the ter-
[40] ror of all but Fingal. Can I, replies the 1
King, can I deny the lovely daughter
of the hill? take thy brother, O Minvane, thou fairer than the ſnow of the
north! 5

Such, Fingal! were thy words; but
thy words I hear no more. Sightleſs
I ſit by thy tomb. I hear the wind in

40,3 take] Take B

the wood; but no more I hear my
friends. The cry of the hunter is over. 10
The voice of war is ceaſed.

[41] IX.

THou aſkeſt, fair daughter of the 1
iſles! whoſe memory is preſerved
in theſe tombs? The memory of Ron-
nan the bold, and Connan the chief of
men; and of her, the faireſt of maids, 5
Rivine the lovely and the good. The
wing of time is laden with care. Every
moment hath woes of its own. Why
ſeek we our grief from afar? or give our
tears to thoſe of other times? But thou 10
commandeſt, and I obey, O fair daugh-
ter of the iſles!

Conar was mighty in war. Caul
was the friend of ſtrangers. His gates
were open to all; midnight darkened 15
not on his barred door. Both lived upon
the ſons of the mountains. Their bow
was the ſupport of the poor.

Fragment IX. AB. *1762 (aber nicht mehr in* **P***) im Text von 'Fingal Book II'* (**T** pg. 234) *Note zu dem Namen* Ronan *(so* **FP***)*, **F** 33*:* The unfortunate death of this Ronan is the ſubject of the ninth fragment of ancient poetry publiſhed laſt year: it is not the work of Oſſian, though it is writ in his manner, and bears the genuine marks of antiquity. — The conciſe expreſſions of Oſſian are imitated, but the thoughts are too jejune and confined to be the production of that poet. — *(Rest der Note ohne Bezug auf den Text.)*

[42] CONNAN was the image of Conar's ſouſ. Caul was renewed in Ronnan his ſon. Rivine the daughter of Conar was the love of Ronnan; her brother Connan was his friend. She was fair as the harveſt-moon ſetting in the ſeas of Molochaſquir. Her ſoul was ſettled on Ronnan; the youth was the dream of her nights.

RIVINE, my love! ſays Ronnan, I go to my king in Norway*. A year and a day ſhall bring me back. Wilt thou be true to Ronnan?

RONNAN! a year and a day I will ſpend in ſorrow. Ronnan, behave like a man, and my ſoul ſhall exult in thy valour. Connan my friend, ſays Ronnan, wilt thou preſerve Rivine thy ſiſter? Durſtan is in love with the maid; [43] and ſoon ſhall the ſea bring the ſtranger to our coaſt.

RONNAN, I will defend: Do thou ſecurely go.—He went. He returned on his day. But Durſtan returned before him.

GIVE me thy daughter, Conar, ſays Durſtan; or fear and feel my power.

HE who dares attempt my ſiſter, ſays Connan, muſt meet this edge of ſteel.

* Suppoſed to be Fergus II. This fragment is reckoned not altogether ſo ancient as moſt of the reſt.

Unerring in battle is my arm: my ſword, as the lightning of heaven. 11

RONNAN the warriour came; and much he threatened Durſtan.

BUT, ſaith Euran the ſervant of gold, Ronnan! by the gate of the north ſhall Durſtan this night carry thy fair-one away. Accurſed, anſwers Ron- [44] nan, be this arm if death meet him not there. 15 1

CONNAN! ſaith Euran, this night ſhall the ſtranger carry thy ſiſter away. My ſword ſhall meet him, replies Connan, and he ſhall lie low on earth. 5

THE friends met by night, and they fought. Blood and ſweat ran down their limbs as water on the moſſy rock. Connan falls; and cries, O Durſtan, be favourable to Rivine!—And is it my friend, cries Ronnan, I have ſlain? O Connan! I knew thee not. 10

HE went, and he fought with Durſtan. Day began to riſe on the combat, when fainting they fell, and expired. Rivine came out with the morn; and — — O what detains my Ronnan! — She ſaw him lying pale in his blood; and her brother lying pale by his ſide. 15 20

43,13 warriour] warrior B 44,18] *nur ein (längerer) Gedankenstrich* B

[45] What could ſhe ſay? what could ſhe 1
do? her complaints were many and vain.
She opened this grave for the warri-
ours; and fell into it herſelf, before it
was cloſed; like the ſun ſnatched away 5
in a ſtorm.

Thou haſt heard this tale of grief,
O fair daughter of the iſles! Rivine was
fair as thyſelf: ſhed on her grave a
tear. 10

[46] X.

IT is night; and I am alone, forlorn 1
on the hill of ſtorms. The wind is
heard in the mountain. The torrent
ſhrieks down the rock. No hut receives
me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of 5
winds.

Rise, moon! from behind thy
clouds; ſtars of the night, appear!
Lead me, ſome light, to the place where

45,4 warriours;] warriors; **B**

Fragment X. ABFP. 1762 *in 'The Songs of Selma' als Klage Colma's:* **F** pg. 210—212, **P** vol. I pg. 207—209 (**T** pg. 209—210). *In* **F** *Note zum Titel:* Three of the ſongs which are introduced in this piece, were publiſhed among the fragments of ancient poetry, printed laſt year.

46,1 *Überschrift* Colma. **FP** 1 and] *fehlt* **FP**; *vor* I *Gedankenstrich* **F** 4 ſhrieks] pours **P** 6 winds.]! **P** 8 clouds; ſtars] clouds. Stars **P** 8 *Komma nach* night *fehlt (versehentlich)* **FP** 8 appear!] ariſe! **P** 9 place] *Komma add.* **P**

my love reſts from the toil of the chace! 10
his bow near him, unſtrung; his dogs
panting around him. But here I muſt
ſit alone, by the rock of the moſſy
ſtream. The ſtream and the wind
roar; nor can I hear the voice of my 15
love.

WHY delayeth my Shalgar, why the
ſon of the hill, his promiſe? Here is
[47] the rock; and the tree; and here the 1
roaring ſtream. Thou promiſedſt with
night to be here. Ah! whither is my
Shalgar gone? With thee I would fly
my father; with thee, my brother of 5
pride. Our race have long been foes;
but we are not foes, O Shalgar!

CEASE a little while, O wind! ſtream,
be thou ſilent a while! let my voice be
heard over the heath; let my wanderer 10
hear me. Shalgar! it is I who call. Here
is the tree, and the rock. Shalgar, my
love! I am here. Why delayeſt thou
thy coming? Alas! no anſwer.

46,10 toil... chace!] chace alone! **P** 11 unſtrung;]: **P** 15 roar..... hear] roar aloud. I hear not **P** 16 love.]! **P** 17 *kein Absatz* **P** 17 delayeth] delays **FP** 17 Shalgar,] Salgar, *(überall)* **FP** 18 ſon] chief **P** 47,1 rock;], **BFP** 1 and the tree;] and here the tree! **P** 1 and here] here is **P** 2 ſtream.]! **P** 2 promiſedſt] didſt promiſe **FP** 4 fly] *Komma add.* **F** fly, from **P** 5 my brother] from my brother **P** 7 but] *fehlt* **P** 10 heard..... let] heard around. Let **P** 11 me.]! **P** 11 I who call.] Colma who calls. **P** 14 Alas! no anſwer.] *fehlt* **FP**

Lo! the moon appeareth. The 15
flood is bright in the vale. The rocks
are grey on the face of the hill. But
I ſee him not on the brow; his dogs
before him tell not that he is coming.
Here I muſt ſit alone. 20

[48] BUT who are theſe that lie beyond 1
me on the heath? Are they my love
and my brother?—Speak to me, O my
friends! they anſwer not. My ſoul is
tormented with fears.—Ah! they are 5
dead. Their ſwords are red from the
fight. O my brother! my brother!
why haſt thou ſlain my Shalgar? why,
O Shalgar! haſt thou ſlain my brother?
Dear were ye both to me! ſpeak to me; 10
hear my voice, ſons of my love! But
alas! they are ſilent; ſilent for ever!
Cold are their breaſts of clay!

OH! from the rock of the hill;
from the top of the mountain of winds, 15

47,15 *kein Absatz* **P** 15 moon appeareth.] calm moon comes forth. **P** 17 face of the hill.] ſteep. **P** 17 But] *fehlt* **P** 18 brow;]. **P** 18—19 his ...... coming.] His dogs come not before him, with tidings of his near approach. **P** 20 alone.]! **P** 48,1—2 But .... heath?] Who lie on the heath beſide me? **P** 3: *Strich fehlt* **P** 3 me,] *Komma fehlt* **B** 4 they anſwer not.] To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! **P** 5 fears.—] fears! **P** 6 dead.]! **P** 10 *nach* both to me! *Zusatz* **BFP**: what ſhall I ſay in your praiſe? Thou wert fair on the hill among thouſands; [! **P**] he was terrible in fight. 10 ſpeak] Speak **BFP** 11 voice,] voice; hear me, **P** 11 But alas!] *fehlt* **P** 12 they] They **P** 13 Cold] Cold, cold **P** 14 *kein Absatz* **P** 14 of] on **P** 15 mountain of winds,] windy mountain, **F** windy ſteep, **P**

ſpeak ye ghoſts of the dead! ſpeak, 16
and I will not be afraid.—Whither
are ye gone to reſt? In what cave of
the hill ſhall I find you?

I ſit in my grief. I wait for morn- 20
ing in my tears. Rear the tomb, ye
[49] friends of the dead; but cloſe it not 1
till I come. My life flieth away like a
dream: why ſhould I ſtay behind?
Here ſhall I reſt with my friends by the
ſtream of the ſounding rock. When 5
night comes on the hill; when the wind
is upon the heath; my ghoſt ſhall ſtand
in the wind, and mourn the death of
my friends. The hunter ſhall hear
from his booth. He ſhall fear, but 10
love my voice. For ſweet ſhall my voice
be for my friends; for pleaſant were
they both to me.

48,16 ſpeak] *Komma add.* **P** 17 and] *fehlt* **FP** 17 afraid. —] afraid! **P** 19 you?] the departed? **P** *Hierauf Zusatz* **BFP***:* No feeble voice is on the wind: [gale: **P**] no anſwer half-drowned in the ſtorms of the hill. [in the ſtorm! **P**] 20 grief.]! **P** 21 tears.]! **P** 49,1 dead; but cloſe] dead. Cloſe **P** 2 I] Colma **FP** 2 flieth] flies **FP** 4 friends] *Komma add.* **FP** 6—7 wind . . . . . . heath;] loud winds ariſe; **P** 7 upon] up on *(mit kleinem, wohl unbeabsichtigten Spatium)* **A** upon **B** on **F** *(fehlt in* **P**, *s. o.)* 8 wind,] blaſt, **P** 10 fear,] *Komma fehlt* **FP** 11 voice.]! **P** 12—13 friends . . . . . me.] friends: pleaſant were her friends to Colma! **P**

In **FP** *die Namenerklärungen (in Noten zu dem Abschnitt vor Beginn des Fragmenttextes): Zu* Salgar *(so* **FP***):* Sealg-'er, *a hunter. Zu* Colma*:* Cul-math, *a woman with fine hair. Ein Stern bei* foes (47,6) *in* **F** *scheint Druckfehler, da ihm keine Note entspricht.*

[50] XI.

SAD! I am ſad indeed: nor ſmall my cauſe of woe! — Kirmor, thou haſt loſt no ſon; thou haſt loſt no daughter of beauty. Connar the valiant lives; and Annir the faireſt of maids. The boughs of thy family flouriſh, O Kirmor! but Armyn is the laſt of his race. 1 5

RISE, winds of autumn, riſe; blow upon the dark heath! ſtreams of the mountains, roar! howl, ye tempeſts, in the trees! walk through broken clouds, O moon! ſhow by intervals thy 10

Fragment XI. ABFP. *1762 in 'The Songs of Selma':* **F** pg. 215 bis 217, **P** vol I, pg. 213—216 (**T** pg. 212—213), *mit der Exposition* (**F** 214, **P** 212)*:* The grief of all aroſe, but moſt the burſting ſigh of Armin. He remembers the death of his ſon, who fell in the days of his youth. Carmor was near the hero, the chief of the ecchoing Galmal. Why burſts the ſigh of Armin, he ſaid? Is there a cauſe to mourn? . . . . Why art thou ſad, O Armin, chief of ſea-ſurrounded Gorma? *Dazu die Noten* (**FP**)*:* Armin, *a hero.* He was chief or petty king of Gorma, *i. e. the blue iſland,* ſuppoſed to be one of the Hebrides. Cear-mór, *a tall dark-complexioned man.*

50,1 Sad! I am ſad indeed:] Sad! I am indeed: **F** Sad! I am! **P** 1 ſmall] ſmall is **P** 2 *Gedankenstrich fehlt* **P** 2 Kirmor,] Carmor, *(überall)* **FP** 4 Connar] Colgar *(überall)* **FP** 4 Annir] Annira *(überall)* **FP** 4 the faireſt of maids.] faireſt maid. **FP** 6 family flouriſh,] houſe aſcend, **P** 7 Armyn] Armin *(überall)* **FP** 8: *Zusatz* **BFP***:* Dark is thy bed, O Daura! and [*fehlt* **P**] deep thy ſleep in the tomb. [! **P**] — [*Strich fehlt* **P**] When ſhalt thou awake with thy ſongs? with all thy voice of muſic? 9 Riſe,] Ariſe, **P** 9 riſe;] ariſe; **P** 10 upon] along **P** 10 dark] *fehlt* **P** *Z.* 11]mountains roar! roar, tempeſts, **P** 12 trees!] top of the oak! **BF** groves of my oaks! **P** 13 ſhow .... face!] ſhow thy pale face, at intervals! **P**

pale face! bring to my mind that ſad night, when all my children fell; when 15 Arindel the mighty fell; when Daura the lovely died.

DAURA, my daughter! thou wert [51] fair; fair as the moon on the hills of 1 Jura; white as the driven ſnow; ſweet as the breathing gale. Armor renowned in war came, and ſought Daura's love; he was not long denied; fair was the hope 5 of their friends.

EARCH ſon of Odgal repined; for his brother was ſlain by Armor. He came diſguiſed like a ſon of the ſea: fair was his ſkiff on the wave; white 10 his locks of age; calm his ſerious brow. Faireſt of women, he ſaid, lovely daughter of Armyn! a rock not diſtant in the ſea, bears a tree on its ſide; red ſhines the fruit afar. There Armor 15

50,14 that ſad] the **P** 16 Arindel] Arindal *(überall)* **FP** 16 Daura] Dura *(nur hier, Druckfehler)* **F** 17 died.] failed; when all my children died. **B** failed. **F** failed! **P** 18 *kein Absatz* **P** 51,1 the hills of] *fehlt* **P** 2 Jura;] Fura; **FP**, *mit der Note:* Fuar-a, *cold iſland. (Die Lesart von* **AB** *ist kein Druckfehler, Jura ist der Name einer Hebrideninsel.)* 3 gale.] *Hierauf Zusatz* **BFP***:* Arindal, [Arindel, **B**], thy bow was ſtrong, thy ſpear was ſwift in the field: thy look was like miſt on the wave, thy ſhield, a red cloud in a ſtorm. *(Varianten:* **F** wave; **P** ſtrong. Thy field. Thy waye:*)* 3 Armor] Armar, *(überall, doch vgl.* 8*)* **FP** 4 war] *Komma add.* **FP** 4 love; he] love. He **P** 5 denied;] refuſed: **P** 6 friends.]! **P** 7 Earch] *Komma add.* **B** Erath *(überall)* **FP**, *mit Komma* 7 Odgal] *Komma add.* **BFP** 7 repined;]: **P** 7 for] *fehlt* **P** 8 was] had been **P** 8 *hier* **P**, 51,15 *und* 21 **FP** Armor *(vgl. zu* 3*)* 15 afar.]! **P**

waiteth for Daura. I came to fetch 16
his love. Come, fair daughter of Ar-
myn!

SHE went; and ſhe called on Armor.
Nought anſwered, but the ſon of the 20
rock. Armor, my love! my love!
[52] why tormenteſt thou me with fear? 1
come, graceful ſon of Ardnart, come;
it is Daura who calleth thee!—Earch
the traitor fled laughing to the land.
She lifted up her voice, and cried for 5
her brother and her father. Arindel!
Armyn! none to relieve your Daura?

HER voice came over the ſea. Arin-
del my ſon deſcended from the hill;
rough in the ſpoils of the chace. His 10
arrows rattled by his ſide; his bow was
in his hand; five grey dogs attended
his ſteps. He ſaw fierce Earch on the
ſhore; he ſeized and bound him to an

51,16 waiteth] waits **FP** 16 came] come **P** 16 fetch] carry **FP** 17 love.] love along the rolling ſea. **F** love! **P** 17—18 Come.... Armyn!] *fehlt* **FP** 19 *kein Absatz* **P** 19 and] *fehlt* **P** 21 *nach* rock *Komma (Druckfehler)* **P** 21 *Zu* ſon of the rock *in* **FP** *die Note:* By *the ſon of the rock* the poet means the ecchoing back of the human voice from a rock. The vulgar were of opinion, that this repetition of ſound was made by a ſpirit within the rock; and they, on that account, [*Komma fehlt*] called it *mac-talla;* [*mac talla;*] *the ſon who dwells in the rock.* **52,2** come, ... come;] hear, ſon of Ardnart, [Arnart, **P**] hear: **BFP** 3 *Strich fehlt* **FP** 5 voice, and cried] voice; ſhe called **P** 7 Daura?] *Punkt (Druckfehler)* **F** *Ausrufzeichen* **BP** 12 hand;]: **FP** 12 grey] dark gray [grey **P**] **BFP** 12 attended] attend *(Druckfehler)* **P** 14 ſhore;]: **FP**

oak. Thick fly the thongs of the hide 15
around his limbs; he loads the wind
with his groans.

Arindel afcends the furgy deep in
his boat, to bring Daura to the land.
Armor came in his wrath, and let fly 20
the grey-feathered fhaft. It fung; it
[53] funk in thy heart, O Arindel my fon! 1
for Earch the traitor thou diedft. What
is thy grief, O Daura, when round
thy feet is poured thy brother's blood!

The boat is broken in twain by the 5
waves. Armor plunges into the fea, to
refcue his Daura or die. Sudden a blaft
from the hill comes over the waves.
He funk, and he rofe no more.

Alone, on the fea-beat rock, my 10
daughter was heard to complain. Fre-
quent and loud were her cries; nor
could her father relieve her. All
night I ftood on the fhore. All night I
heard her cries. Loud was the wind; 15
and the rain beat hard on the fide of the

52,15 fly] wind P 15 *Zu* thongs *Note in* FP: The poet here only means that Erath was bound with leathern thongs. 18 *kein Absatz* P 18 furgy] *fehlt* FP 19 the] *fehlt* FP 21 grey-] gray- F 53,2 diedft.] *Hierauf Zusatz* BFP: The oar is ftopped at once; he panted on the rock and expired. 4 blood!]. F 5 *kein Absatz* P 5—6 twain . . . . . waves.] twain. P 8 comes] came P 12 cries; nor] cries. What P 13 relieve her.] do? P 14 fhore.] *Hierauf Zusatz* BFP: I faw her by the faint beam of the moon. 16 and] *fehlt* P 16 fide of the mountain.] hill. P

mountain. Before morning appeared, 17
her voice was weak. It died away, like
the evening-breeze among the grafs of
the rocks. Spent with grief fhe expired. 20
O lay me foon by her fide.

[54] WHEN the ftorms of the mountain 1
come; when the north lifts the waves
on high; I fit by the founding fhore,
and look on the fatal rock. Often by
the fetting moon I fee the ghofts of 5
my children. Indiftinct, they walk in
mournful conference together. Will
none of you fpeak to me?—But they
do not regard their father.

[55]

XII.

RYNO, ALPIN.

RYNO.

THE wind and the rain are over: 1
calm is the noon of day. The
clouds are divided in heaven. Over

53,21 O . . . fide.] *fehlt, dafür Zusatz* **BFP**: And left thee Armin [Armyn **B**] alone: gone is my ftrength in the [*fehlt* **P**] war, [! **P**] and [*fehlt* **P**] fallen my pride among women. [! **P**] 54,1 *kein Absatz* **P** 1—2 of . . . . come;] aloft arife: **P** 2 waves] wave **P** 5 moon] *Komma add.* **P** 6 Indiftinct,] Half-viewlefs, **BFP** 8 to me? — But they] in pity? They **BFP** 9 *am Schlusse Zusatz* **FP**: I am fad, O Carmor, nor fmall [is *add.*] my caufe of woe!

Fragment XII. MABFP. M pg. 288 *(mit dem Titel* II. RYNO, ALPIN.*)*, *die Sprechernamen in der Zeile, cursiv, ebenso alle Eigennamen und* "*December*" (56,12). *1762 in "The Songs of Selma":* **F** pg. 213—214, **P** vol. I pg. 210—212 (**T** pg. 210—211).

55,1 over:] paft: **P**

the green hills flies the inconſtant ſun.
Red through the ſtony vale comes 5
down the ſtream of the hill. Sweet are
thy murmurs, O ſtream! but more
ſweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice
of Alpin the ſon of the ſong, mourning
for the dead. Bent is his head of age, 10
and red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou
ſon of the ſong, why alone on the ſi-
lent hill? why complaineſt thou, as a
blaſt in the wood; as a wave on the
lonely ſhore? 15

[56] ALPIN.

MY tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; 1
my voice, for the inhabitants of the
grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair
among the ſons of the plain. But thou
ſhalt fall like Morar; and the mourner 5
ſhall ſit on thy tomb. The hills ſhall
know thee no more; thy bow ſhall lie in
the hall, unſtrung.

THOU wert ſwift, O Morar! as a
roe on the hill; terrible as a meteor of 10
fire. Thy wrath was as the ſtorm of

55,9 Alpin] *Komma add.* **MFP** 9 of the] of **P** 10 dead.]! **P** 10 age,]; **P** 11 and] *fehlt* **P** 12 of the] of **P** 13 why] Why **M** 56,2 voice,] *Komma fehlt* **MP** 2—3 for .... grave.] for thoſe that have paſſed away. **P** 3 hill;]: **M** 4 plain.] vale. **P** 5 *Zu* Morar *Note* **FP**: Mór-ér, *great man.* 5 and] *fehlt* **P** 6 *für das erste* ſhall (**MFP**) *Druckfehler* ſhalt **AB** 6 thy] the **M** 8 hall,] *Komma fehlt* **M** 8 unſtrung.]! **P** 10 hill;] deſart; **P** 11 ſtorm of December.] ſtorm. **FP**

December. Thy ſword in battle, as 12
lightning in the field. Thy voice was
like a ſtream after rain; like thunder
on diſtant hills. Many fell by thy 15
arm; they were conſumed in the flames
of thy wrath.

BUT when thou returnedſt from war,
[57] how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face 1
was like the ſun after rain; like the
moon in the ſilence of night; calm as
the breaſt of the lake when the loud
wind is laid. 5

NARROW is thy dwelling now; dark
the place of thine abode. With three
ſteps I compaſs thy grave, O thou who
waſt ſo great before! Four ſtones with
their heads of moſs are the only memo- 10
rial of thee. A tree with ſcarce a leaf,
long graſs which whiſtles in the wind,
mark to the hunter's eye the grave of
the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art
low indeed. Thou haſt no mother to 15
mourn thee; no maid with her tears of
love. Dead is ſhe that brought thee
forth. Fallen is the daughter of Mor-
glan.

56,14 like a] a **P** 18 *kein Absatz* **P** 18 returnedſt] didſt return **FP**
57,6 now;] ! **P** 7 abode.] ! **P** 9 ſtones] *Komma add.* **MFP** 10 moſs] *Komma add.* **MFP** 11 tree] *Komma add.* **M** 12 graſs] *Komma add.* **P**

Who on his ſtaff is this? who is this, 20
whoſe head is white with age, whoſe
[58] eyes are red with tears, who quakes 1
at every ſtep?—It is thy father, O
Morar! the father of none but thee.
He heard of thy fame in battle; he heard
of foes diſperſed. He heard of Morar's 5
fame; why did he not hear of his
wound? Weep, thou father of Morar!
weep; but thy ſon heareth thee not.
Deep is the ſleep of the dead; low their
pillow of duſt. No more ſhall he hear 10
thy voice; no more ſhall he awake at
thy call. When ſhall it be morn in the
grave, to bid the ſlumberer awake?

Farewell, thou braveſt of men!
thou conqueror in the field! but the field 15
ſhall ſee thee no more; nor the dark
wood be lightened with the ſplendor of
thy ſteel. Thou haſt left no ſon.
But the ſong ſhall preſerve thy name.
Future times ſhall hear of thee; they 20
ſhall hear of the fallen Morar.

57,20 who] Who **M** 21 age,] ? **P** 58,1 tears,] ? **P** 2 ſtep?] ***Punkt (Druckfehler)*** **F** 2 *Strich fehlt* **P** 2 *Zu* father *Note* **FP**: Torman, the ſon of Carthul, lord of I-mora, one of the weſtern iſles. 3 none] no ſon **FP** 4 battle;] war; **P** 6 fame;] renown; **P** 8 weep;] , **M** 11 ſhall he] *fehlt* **P** 14 *kein Absatz* **P** 14 Farewell,] Farwell, **M** Farewel, **FP** 15 conqueror] conquerer *(Druckfehler)* **M** 15 field!]: **M** 17 ſplendor] ſpendor *(Druckfehler)* **M** 19 But the] The **P** 19 thy] the *(Druckfehler)* **M** 21 Morar.]! **P**

[B59] XIII. [B]

RAISE high the ſtones; collect the 1
earth: preſerve the name of Fear-
comhraic. Blow winds, from all your
hills; ſigh on the grave of Muirnin.

THE dark rock hangs, with all its wood, 5
above the calm dwelling of the heroes.

THE ſea with its foam-headed billows
murmurs at their ſide.

WHY ſigh the woods, why roar the
waves? They have no cauſe to mourn. 10

BUT Thou haſt cauſe, O Diorma!
thou maid of the breaſt of ſnow!
Spread thou thy hair to the wind;
ſend thy ſighs on the blaſts of the hills.

THEY vaniſhed like two beams of 15
light, which fly from the heath in a
ſtorm: They ſunk like two ſtars in a
cloud when the winds of north ariſe.

[B60] FOR Thee weep the maids, Fear- 1
comhraic, along the echoing hills.
For Thee the women weep, O Muirnin;
chief of the wars of Erin. I ſee not
Fear-comhraic on the hill; I ſee not 5

XIII. [B]. *Nur in* **B**, pg. 59—65.

Muirnin in the ſtorms of ocean. Raiſe, raiſe the ſong, relate the tale. Deſcend ye tears of other times. 6

DIORMA was the daughter of Connaid the chief of a thouſand ſhields. 10

DIORMA was among the maids, as the white flower among the heath.

HER breaſt was like a white cloud in heaven. Her boſom like the top of a wave in a ſtorm. Her hair was like ſmoke in the ſun: her eye like the ſtar of morn. Not fairer looks the moon from between two clouds, than the face of Diorma from between her locks. 15 20

[B61] A thouſand heroes loved the maid; the maid loved none but Fear-comhraic. He loved the maid, and well he might; fair among women was the daughter of Connaid. She was the light of his ſoul in danger; the ſtrength of his arm in battle. 1 5

WHO ſhall deny me the maid, ſaid Fear-comhraic, who, the faireſt of women, Diorma? Hard muſt be his helm of ſteel, and ſtrong his ſhield of iron. 10

I deny her, ſaid Muirnin ſon of the chief of generous ſhells. My ſword is

keen, my ſpear is ſtrong; the valiant yield to Muirnin. 15

COME then, thou ſon of Cormac, O mighty Muirnin, come! leave the hills of Erin, come on the foamy wave. Let thy ſhip, like a cloud, come over the ſtorms of ocean. 20

[B62] HE came along the ſea: his ſails 1 were like grey miſt on the heath: long was his ſpear of aſh; his ſhield like the bloody moon.—Aodan ſon of Armclach came; the youth of the gloomy brow. 5

Riſe, Fear-comhraic, riſe thou love of the ſoft Diorma! fight, or yield the maid, ſon of the great Comhfeadan!

He roſe like a cloud on the hill, when the winds of Autumn blow. 10

TALL art thou, ſaid Fear-comhraic, ſon of mighty Cormac; fair are thy cheeks of youth, and ſtrong thy arm of war. Prepare the feaſt, and ſlay the deer; ſend round the ſhell of joy: 15 three days we feaſt together; we fight on the fourth, ſon of Cormac.

62,6 Riſe] *so im Original* 9 He] *so im Original*

WHY ſhould I ſheath my ſword, ſon of the noble Comhfeadan? Yield to me, ſon of battle, and raiſe my fame in Erin. 20

[B63] RAISE Thou my tomb, O Muirnin! 1 If Fear-comhraic fall by thy ſteel, place my bright ſword by my ſide, in the tomb of the lonely hill.

WE fight by the noiſe of the ſtream, 5 Muirnin! wield thy ſteel.

SWORDS ſound on helmets, ſound on ſhields; braſs claſhes, clatters, rings. Sparkles buzz; ſhivers fly; death bounds from mail to mail. As leaps a 10 ſtone from rock to rock, ſo blow ſucceeds to blow. Their eyes dart fire; their noſtrils blow: they leap, they thruſt, they wound.

SLOWLY, ſlowly falls the blade of 15 Muirnin ſon of war. He ſinks, his armour rings, he cries, I die, Fear-comhraic, I die.

AND falls the braveſt of men the chief of Innisfhallin! Stretch wide the 20 [B64] ſail; aſcend the wave, and bring the 1 youth to Erin. Deep on the hills of Erin is the ſigh of maids. For thee, my foe, I mourn: thou art the grief of Fear-comhraic. 5

63,18/19 *Intervall in* **B** *nicht eingehalten.*

RISE ye winds of the ſounding hill; ſigh over the fall of Muirnin! Weep Diorma, for the hero; weep, maid of the arms of ſnow; appear like the ſun in rain; move in tears along the 10 ſhore!

AODAN ſaw the fall of Muirnin, and drew the ſounding bow: The grey-winged arrow flew, and pierced the breaſt of Fear-comhraic. Aodan, ſaid 15 Fear-comhraic, where was the ſword of war? where was the ſpear of thy ſtrength, when thus thou haſt ſlain Fear-comhraic? Raiſe, gloomy youth, raiſe thou our tombs! I will 20 reſt with the chief of Innisfhalinn.

[B65] WHO is that on the hill like a ſun- 1 beam in a ſtorm? Who is that with the heaving breaſts, which are like two wreaths of ſnow? Thy blue eyes roll in tears, thou daughter of mighty 5 Connaid! Thy hair flies round thy temples, as the miſt on the rocks of Ardven. Thy robe flows on the heath, daughter of grief, Diorma! He is fallen on the hill like a ſtream of light in 10 a cloud. No more ſhall he hear thy voice like the ſound of the ſtring of muſic. The ſtrength of the war is gone; the cheek of youth is pale.

[59] XIII*.

CUCHULAID ſat by the wall; by the 1
tree of the ruſtling leaf †. His
ſpear leaned againſt the moſſy rock.
His ſhield lay by him on the graſs.
Whilſt he thought on the mighty Carbre 5

* This is the opening of the epic poem mentioned in the preface. The two following fragments are parts of ſome epiſodes of the ſame work.

† The aſpen or poplar tree.

Fragment XIII. ABFP. *In* **B** *als Nr.* XIV. *1762 als Beginn des 1. Buches von Fingal:* **F** pg. 1—3, **P** vol. I pg. 219—222 (**T** pg. 215—216).

In **P** *die direkten Reden zwischen Anführungszeichen (in den Lesarten nicht einzeln verzeichnet).*

59*: die Noten * und † fehlen* **FP** 1 Cuchulaid] Cuchullin *(überall)* **F** Cuthullin *(überall)* **P**, *beide mit der Note:* Cuchullin [Cuthullin] the ſon of Semo and grandſon to Caithbat a druid celebrated in tradition for his wiſdom and valour. Cuchullin [-th-] when very young married Bragela the daughter of Sorglan, and paſſing over into Ireland, lived for ſome time with Connal, grandſon by a daughter to Congal the petty king of Ulſter. His wiſdom and valour in a ſhort time gained him ſuch reputation, that in the minority of Cormac the ſupreme king of Ireland, he was choſen guardian to the young king, and ſole manager of the war againſt Swaran king of Lochlin. After a ſeries of great actions he was killed in battle ſomewhere in Connaught, in the twenty-ſeventh year of his age. He was ſo remarkable for his ſtrength, that to deſcribe a ſtrong man it has paſſed into a proverb, "He has the ſtrength of Cuchullin [-th-]". They ſhew the remains of his palace at Dunſcaich in the Iſle of Skye; and a ſtone to which he bound his dog Luath, goes ſtill by his name. 1 the wall;] Tura's wall; [:] **FP** 2 leaf.] found. **P** 2 His] — His **F** 3 the moſſy rock.] a rock. **P** 4 lay . . . graſs.] lay on *(zu ergänzen* the*)* graſs, by his ſide. **P** 5 Whilſt he thought] As he thought **F** Amid his thoughts **P** 5 on the] of **FP** 5 Carbre] Carbar, **FP**, *mit Note:* Cairbar or Cairbre [,] ſignifies *a ſtrong man. (in* **F** *nicht cursiviert)*

whom he ſlew in battle, the ſcout of 6
the ocean came, Moran the ſon of Fi-
thil.

Rise, Cuchulaid, riſe! I ſee the ſhips
of Garve. Many are the foe, Cuchulaid; 10
many the ſons of Lochlyn.

Moran! thou ever trembleſt; thy
fears increaſe the foe. They are the
ſhips of the Deſert of hills arrived to aſ-
ſiſt Cuchulaid.

59,6 whom .... battle,] a hero whom he ſlew in war; **F** a hero ſlain by the chief in war; **P** 6 *Zu* ſcout *Note* **FP**: Cuchullin [-th-] having previous intelligence of the invaſion intended by Swaran, ſent ſcouts all over the coaſt of Ullin or Ulſter, to give early notice of the firſt appearance of the enemy, at the ſame time that he ſent Munan the ſon of Stirmal to implore the aſſiſtance of Fingal. He himſelf collected the flower of the Iriſh youth to Tura, a caſtle on the coaſt, to ſtop the progreſs of the enemy till Fingal ſhould arrive from Scotland. *(Rest der Anmerkung ohne Bezug auf den Text.)* 7 the ocean] ocean **P** 7 came,] *Komma fehlt* **F** comes, **P** 7 *zu* Moran *Note* **FP**: Moran ſignifies *many; (nicht cursiviert* **F***)* and Fithil, or rather Fili, *an inferior bard.* 8 Fithil.]! **P** 9 Riſe,] Riſe, [Ariſe,] ſaid [ſays] the youth, **FP** 9 riſe!]; **F** ariſe. **P** 10—11 of .... Lochlyn.] of Swaran. Cuchullin, many are the foe: many the heroes of the dark-rolling ſea. **F** of the north! Many, chief of men, are the foe. Many the heroes of the ſea-borne Swaran! **P** 12 *kein Absatz* **P** 12 Moran!] Moran! replied the blue-eyed chief, **FP** 12 trembleſt; thy] trembleſt, ſon of Fithil: [!] Thy **FP** 13 increaſe] have much [*fehlt*] increaſed **FP** 13—15 They .... Cuchulaid.] Perhaps it is the king of the lonely hills coming to aid me on green Ullin's plains. **F** It is Fingal, king of deſarts, with aid to green Erin of ſtreams. **P** *Zu* king *Note* **FP**: Fingal the ſon of Comhal and Morna the daughter of Thaddu. His grandfather was Trathal, and great grandfather Trenmor, both of whom are often mentioned in the poem.

[60] I ſaw their chief, ſays Moran, tall as 1
a rock of ice. His ſpear is like that fir;
his ſhield like the riſing moon. He ſat
upon a rock on the ſhore, as a grey
cloud upon the hill. Many, mighty 5
man! I ſaid, many are our heroes;
Garve, well art thou named*, many
are the ſons of our king.

He anſwered like a wave on the
rock; who is like me here? The va- 10
liant live not with me; they go to the
earth from my hand. The king of the
Deſert of hills alone can fight with
Garve. Once we wreſtled on the hill.

* Garve ſignifies a man of great ſize.

60,1 *kein Absatz* **P** 1 ſaw] beheld **P** 2 rock of ice.] glittering rock. **P** 2 is . . . fir;] is like that blaſted fir. **F** is a blaſted pine. **P** 3 his] His **FP** 3 like] *fehlt* **P** 3 moon.] ! **P** *In* **F** *Note mit Parallele aus Milton.* 4 upon a rock] on a rock **F** *fehlt* **P** 4 ſhore,]: **F** ! **P** 4—5 as . . . . hill.] like a cloud of miſt on the ſilent hill. [!] **FP** 5—8 Many . . . . king.] *Dafür* **FP**: — [*Strich fehlt*] Many, chief of men! [heroes!] I ſaid, many are our hands of war. — [*Strich fehlt*] Well art thou named, the Mighty Man, [:] but many mighty men are ſeen from Tura's walls of wind. [Tura's windy walls.] *(ohne Note)* 9 *kein Absatz, vor* He *Gedankenstrich* **F** 9 anſwered] *Komma add.* **F** ſpoke, **P** 9 the rock;] a rock, **FP** 10—11 who . . . . . with me;] who in this land appears like me? Heroes ſtand not in my preſence: **FP** 11 go to the] fall to **FP** 12 from] beneath **F** 12—14 The . . . . Garve.] None can meet Swaran in the fight but Fingal, king of ſtormy hills. **F** Who can meet Swaran in fight? Who but Fingal, king of Selma of ſtorms? **P** 14 on the hill.] on the heath of Malmor, **F** on Malmor; **P** *Dazu Note* **FP**: Mealmór — [*für Strich Komma*] *a great hill.*

Our heels overturned the wood. Rocks 15
fell from their place, and rivulets chan-
ged their courſe. Three days we ſtrove
together; heroes ſtood at a diſtance,
and feared. On the fourth, the King
ſaith that I fell; but Garve ſaith, he 20
[61] ſtood. Let Cuchulaid yield to him that 1
is ſtrong as a ſtorm.

No. I will never yield to man.
Cuchulaid will conquer or die. Go,
Moran, take my ſpear; ſtrike the ſhield 5
of Caithbait which hangs before the
gate. It never rings in peace. My he-
roes ſhall hear on the hill.—

60,15 Our] and our **F** our **P** 15 wood.] woods. **P** 16 place,]; **FP** 16—17 and .... courſe.] and [*fehlt*] rivulets, changing their courſe, fled murmuring from our ſtrife. [ſide? *(Fragezeichen Druckfehler)*] **FP** 17 ſtrove together;] renewed our [the] ſtrife, [;] **FP** 18 heroes] and heroes **F** 18 *Komma nach* diſtance *fehlt* **FP** 19 feared.] trembled. **FP** 19—20 the King ...... he] Fingal ſays, that the king of the ocean fell; [!] but Swaran ſays, he **FP** **61,1** ſtood.] ! **P** 1 Let] Let dark **FP** 1 him] *Komma add.* **P** 2 a ſtorm.] the ſtorms of Malmor. **F** the ſtorms of his land! **P** 3 No.] No: [!] replied the blue-eyed chief, **FP** 3 will] *fehlt* **P** 3 man.] mortal man! **P** 4 Cuchulaid .... die.] Dark Cuchullin [-th-] will [ſhall] be great or dead. [!] **FP** 5 Moran,] Fithil's ſon, **F** ſon of Fithil, **P** 5 take] and take **F** 5 ſpear;]: **F** . **P** 5 ſtrike] Strike **P** 5 ſhield] ſounding ſhield **FP** 6 Caithbait] Cabait. **F** Semo. **P** *Dazu Note* **FP**: Cabait, or rather Cathbait, grandfather to the hero, was ſo remarkable for his valour, that his ſhield was made uſe of to alarm his poſterity to the battles of the family. *(Rest der Note ohne Bezug auf die Stelle).* 6—7 which ...... peace.] It hangs at Tura's ruſtling gate; [.] the [The] ſound of peace is not its voice. [!] **FP** 8 on the hill.] and obey. **P** 8 *Gedankenstrich fehlt* **FP**

[62] XIV.

DUCHOMMAR, MORNA.

Duchommar.

*Morna, thou faireſt of women, 1
daughter of Cormac-Carbre!
why in the circle of ſtones, in the cave
of the rock, alone? The ſtream mur-

* The ſignification of the names in this fragment are; Dubhchomar, a black well-ſhaped man. Muirne or Morna, a woman beloved by all. Cormac-cairbre, an unequalled and rough warriour. Cromleach, a crooked hill. Mugruch, a ſurly gloomy man. Tarman, thunder. Moinie, ſoft in temper and perſon.

Fragment XIV. ABFP. *In* **B** *Nr.* XV. *1762 in Fingal, Buch I:* **F** pg. 8—9, **P** vol. I pg. 227—229 (**T** pg. 219—220). *Die Namen der Sprecher in* **FP** *ersetzt durch eingeflochtene Sätze (s. Lesarten), der Text des Zwiegespräches eingeleitet mit der Exposition:* Cathbat [Cathba *(sonst* Câthba*)* **P**] ...... fell by the ſword of Duchomar [-ô-] at the oak of the noiſy ſtreams. Duchomar [-ô-] came to Tura's cave, [;] and [he] ſpoke to the lovely Morna. *Der Text schließt in* **P** *ohne Absatz an; die Reden in* **P** *zwischen Anführungszeichen (in den Lesarten nicht verzeichnet).*

62,1 *Note fehlt* **FP** *(s. u.) Zu* Morna *Note* **FP***:* Muirne [,] or Morna, *a woman beloved by all.* 1 thou] *fehlt* **FP** 1 of] among **FP** 2 daughter] lovely daughter **FP** 2 Cormac-Carbre!] ? *(Druckfehler)* **B** Cormac-cairbar. **F** ſtrong-armed Cormac! **P** 3 why] Why **FP** 3 ſtones,]; **F** ? **P** 4 rock,] *Komma fehlt* **FP** 4 murmureth] murmurs **FP** *Note.*] *Abweichungen von* **B***:* Z. 2: are. well ſhaped man; Murine *(Druckfehler)* Z. 4: warrior. *Die Note fehlt in* **FP**, *wo ihr Inhalt auf einzelne Anmerkungen verteilt ist. Zu* Duchomar *(an früherer Textstelle):* Dubhchomar, *a black well-ſhaped* [*well-made*] *man.* Morna *s. zu* **62**,*1*. Cormac *s. zu* **59**,5. *Zu* Cromla *(an früherer Textstelle):* Crom-leach ſignified a place of worſhip among the Druids. It is here the proper name of a hill on the coaſt of Ullin or Ulſter. *Der Name* Mugruch *ist im Texte getilgt.* Tarman *s. zu* **64**,4. Moinie *s. zu* **65**,16.

mureth hoarſely. The blaſt groaneth 5
in the aged tree. The lake is troubled
before thee. Dark are the clouds of
the ſky. But thou art like ſnow on
the heath. Thy hair like a thin cloud
of gold on the top of Cromleach. Thy 10
[63] breaſts like two ſmooth rocks on the hill 1
which is ſeen from the ſtream of Bran-
nuin. Thy arms, as two white pillars
in the hall of Fingal.

MORNA.

WHENCE the ſon of Mugruch, Du- 5
chommar the moſt gloomy of men? Dark
are thy brows of terror. Red thy roll-
ing eyes. Does Garve appear on the
ſea? What of the foe, Duchommar?

DUCHOMMAR.

FROM the hill I return, O Morna, 10
from the hill of the flying deer. Three

62,5 hoarſely.] along. **P** 5—6 The .... tree.] The old tree's groan is [tree groans] in the wind. **FP** 7 thee. Dark] thee, and dark **F** thee; dark **P** 8 ſky.] ! **P** 8 like] *fehlt* **P** 9 heath.]; **FP** 9—10 Thy ... Cromleach.] *Dafür* **FP**: and [*fehlt*] thy hair like [is] the miſt of Cromla; when it curls on the rocks, [hill;] and [when] it ſhines to the beam of the weſt. [!] 10 Thy] — Thy **F** **63,1** like] are like **F** are **P** 1—3 on ..... Brannuin.] ſeen from Branno of the [*fehlt*] ſtreams. **FP** 3 arms,] *Komma fehlt* **F** 3 as] like **FP** 3 pillars] *Komma add.* **P** 4 hall of Fingal.] halls of the mighty [great] Fingal. **FP** 5 Whence ... Mugruch,] From whence, the white-armed [fair-haired] maid replied, from whence, **FP** 5 Duchommar] Duchomar *(immer)* **F** Duchômar *(immer)* **P** *(in* **P** *folgt Komma)* 6 the] *fehlt* **P** 7 of terror.] and terrible. [!] **FP** 7 Red] Red are **FP** 8 eyes.] ! **P** 8 Garve] Swaran **FP** 10 *kein Absatz* **P** 11 flying deer.] dark-brown hinds. **FP**

have I ſlain with my bow; three with my panting dogs. Daughter of Cormac-Carbre, I love thee as my ſoul. I have ſlain a deer for thee. High was his branchy head; and fleet his feet of wind. 15

[64] MORNA.

GLOOMY ſon of Mugruch, Duchommar! I love thee not: hard is thy heart of rock; dark thy terrible brow. But Cadmor the ſon of Tarman, thou art the love of Morna! thou art like a ſunbeam on the hill, in the day of the gloomy ſtorm. Saweſt thou the ſon of Tarman, lovely on the hill of the chace? Here the daughter of Cormac-Carbre waiteth the coming of Cadmor. 1 5 10

63,12 bow; three] bended yew. Three **FP** 13 panting dogs.] long bounding dogs of the chace. **FP** 13—14 Daughter ..... -Carbre,] — [*Strich fehlt*] Lovely daughter of Cormac, **FP** 14 ſoul.] . — **F** ! **P** 15 a] one ſtately **FP** 15 High] — High **F** **64,1** *kein Absatz* **P** 1 Gloomy .... Mugruch,] *fehlt* **FP** *Nach* Duchommar! *Zusatz* **FP**: calm the maid replied, 2 not:] not, thou gloomy man. [!] **FP** 2 hard] — Hard **F** 3 rock;] , **F** 3 dark] and dark **F** dark is **P** 4 Cadmor] Cathbat, *(immer)* **F** Câthba, *(immer)* **P** 4 the] thou **F** young **P** 4 Tarman,] Torman, *(immer)* **FP** *mit Note:* Torman, *thunder*. This is the true origin of the Jupiter Taramis of the ancients. 5 Morna! thou] Morna. Thou **FP** 5 like] *fehlt* **P** 5 ſunbeam] *Komma add.* **P** 5 on the hill,] *fehlt* **P** (**F** = **A**, *ohne Komma*) 8 the chace?] his hinds? **FP** 9 -Carbre] *fehlt* **FP** 10 waiteth] waits **FP** 10 *für Schlußpunkt* ! **P**

DUCHOMMAR.

AND long ſhall Morna wait. His 11
blood is on my ſword. I met him by
the moſſy ſtone, by the oak of the noiſy
ſtream. He fought; but I ſlew him;
his blood is on my ſword. High on 15
the hill I will raiſe his tomb, daughter
of Cormac-Carbre. But love thou the
[65] ſon of Mugruch; his arm is ſtrong as a 1
ſtorm.

MORNA.

AND is the ſon of Tarman fallen;
the youth with the breaſt of ſnow! the
firſt in the chace of the hill; the foe 5
of the ſons of the ocean!—Duchom-
mar, thou art gloomy indeed; cruel is
thy arm to me.—But give me that

64,11 And long] Long **P** 11 wait.] wait, Duchomar *(hier* **P** *versehentlich ohne Giebel)* ſaid, **FP** 11—12 His . . . ſword.] his blood is on my ſword. — Long ſhall Morna wait for him. **F** long ſhall Morna wait for Câthba! **P** 12—15 I met . . . . ſword.] He fell at Branno's ſtream. **F** Behold this ſword unſheathed! Here wanders the blood of Câthba. Long ſhall Morna wait. He fell by the ſtream of Branno! **P** 16—17 High . . . hill] High on Cromla **F** On Croma *(wohl Druckfehler)* **P** 17 Cormac-Carbre.] Cormac-cairbar; **F** blue-ſhielded Cormac! **P** 17—65,1 But . . . . Mugruch;] but fix thy love on Duchomar, **F** Turn on Duchômar thine eyes; **P** 65,2 ſtorm.] ſtorm. — **F** 3 *kein Absatz* **P** 3 And is] Is **P** 3 fallen;] fallen? ſaid the maid of the tearful eye. **F** fallen? ſaid the wildly burſting voice of the maid. **P** *Darauf Zusatz* **FP**: Is he fallen on his ecchoing hill; [hills,] 4 ſnow!] ? **FP** 4 the firſt] he that was firſt **F** The firſt **P** 5 of the hill; the] of hinds? The **P** 6 ſons . . . . ocean!] ſtrangers of the [*fehlt*] ocean. [?] **FP** 6 *Gedankenstrich fehlt* **P** 6 Duchommar,] *ohne Komma* **F** *fehlt* **P** 7 thou] Thou **P** 7 gloomy] dark **FP** *mit Note:* She alludes to his name — [*für Strich Komma*] *the dark man.* 7 indeed;] , **F** to me, Duchômar, **P** 7 cruel] and cruel **F** 8 thy] thine **P** 8 me. —] Morna. [!] **FP** 8 But give] Give **P**

ſword, ſon of Mugruch; I love the
blood of Cadmor. 10

[HE gives her the ſword, with which
ſhe inſtantly ſtabs him.]

DUCHOMMAR.

DAUGHTER of Cormac-Carbre, thou
haſt pierced Duchommar! the ſword is
cold in my breaſt; thou haſt killed the 15
ſon of Mugruch. Give me to Moinie
[66] the maid; for much ſhe loved Duchom- 1
mar. My tomb ſhe will raiſe on the
hill; the hunter ſhall ſee it, and praiſe
me.—But draw the ſword from my
ſide, Morna; I feel it cold.— 5

[UPON her coming near him, he ſtabs
her. As ſhe fell, ſhe plucked a ſtone
from the ſide of the cave, and placed it

65,9 ſon of Mugruch;] my foe; [!] **FP** 10 blood] wandering blood **P** 10 Cadmor.] ! **B** Caithbat. *(sic)* **F** Câthba! **P** *Für Z.* 11—12 *mit neuem Absatzbeginn* **FP***:* He gave the ſword to her tears; [.] but [*fehlt*] ſhe [She] pierced his manly breaſt. [!] He fell, like the bank of a mountain-ſtream; [,] ſtretched out his arm and ſaid; [and ſtretching forth his hand, he ſpoke.] *Der weitere Text schließt in* **P** *ohne Absatz an.* 13 Cormac-Carbre,] Cormac-cairbar, **F** blue-ſhielded Cormac! **P** 13 thou] Thou **P** 14 pierced Duchommar!] ſlain Duchomar. **F** ſlain me in youth! **P** 14 the] The **FP** 14 breaſt;] : **FP** 15 thou .... Mugruch.] Morna, I feel it cold. **FP** 16 Moinie] Moina **FP**, *mit Note:* Moina, *ſoft in temper and perſon.* 66,1 maid;] . **P** 1—3 for .... hill;] Duchomar [-ô-] was the dream of her night. [!] She will raiſe my tomb; **FP** 3 the] and the **F** 3 it,] *Komma fehlt* **F** (**P** *s. zu* 3—4) 3—4 ſhall .... me.] ſhall raiſe my fame. **P** 4 *Gedankenstrich fehlt* **FP** 5 ſide ...... cold. —] breaſt; [.] Morna, the ſteel is cold. [!] **FP** 6—10] *Dafür (in* **F** *mit neuem Absatz)* **FP** *:* She came, in all her tears, ſhe came, [;] and [ſhe] drew it [the ſword] from his breaſt. He pierced her white ſide with ſteel; and ſpread [ſide! He ſpread] her fair

betwixt them, that his blood might not
be mingled with hers.] 10

[67] XV.

*WHERE is Gealchoſſa my love, the 1
daughter of Tuathal-Teachvar?
I left her in the hall of the plain, when I
fought with the hairy Ulfadha. Re-
turn ſoon, ſhe ſaid, O Lamderg! for 5
here I wait in ſorrow. Her white breaſt
roſe with ſighs; her cheek was wet

* The ſignification of the names in this fragment are; Gealchoſſack, white-legged. Tuathal-Teachtmhar, the ſurly, but fortunate man. Lambhdearg, bloody-hand. Ulfadha, long-beard. Firchios, the conqueror of men.

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locks on the ground. [!] Her burſting blood ſounds from her ſide: and [*fehlt*] her white arm is ſtained with red. Rolling in death ſhe lay and Tura's cave anſwered [lay. The cave re-ecchoed] to her ſighs. — [*Strich fehlt*]

Fragment XV. ABFP. *In* **B** *Nr.* XVI. *1762 eingeflochten in* ***Fingal****, Buch V:* **F** pg. 67—70, **P** vol. I pg. 308—311 (**T** pg. 257—258), *mit der Überleitung:* He *(sc. Lamderg)* came to Selma's [Tura's **P**] moſſy towers, and, ſtriking his dark buckler, ſpoke: *Die Reden in* **P** *zwischen Anführungszeichen (nicht immer korrekt), hier nicht einzeln angeführt.*

67,1 *Stern (und Note) an anderer Stelle (s. u.)* **FP** 1 Gealchoſſa] Gelchoſſa, *(immer)* **FP** 2 Tuathal-Teachvar?] the noble Tuathal? **FP** 3 of the plain,] of Selma, **F** of Tura, **P** 4 the hairy] the gloomy **F** great **P** 4 Ulfadha.] Ulfadda. *(immer)* **F** Ulfada. *(immer)* **P** 4—6 Return ...... ſorrow.] Return ſoon, O Lamderg, ſhe ſaid, for here I am in the midſt of ſorrow. [for here I ſit in grief.] **FP** 7 ſighs; her] ſighs. Her **FP** *Note:*] *das Semikolon Z.* 1 *etwas undeutlich (doch kaum Kolon)* **AB**. *In* **FP** *lautet die Note (zu* Lamderg *im überleitenden Abschnitt):* Lamh-dhearg ſignifies *bloody hand*. Gelchoſſa, *white legged*. Tuathal, *ſurly*. Ulfadda [-d-], *long-beard*. [*long beard*.] Ferchios, *the conqueror of men*.

with tears. But ſhe cometh not to meet Lamderg; or ſooth his ſoul after battle. Silent is the hall of joy; I hear not 10 the voice of the ſinger. Brann does not ſhake his chains at the gate, glad at the coming of his maſter. Where is Gealchoſſa my love, the daughter of Tuathal-Teachvar? 15

[68] LAMDERG! ſays Firchios ſon of Aydon, 1 Gealchoſſa may be on the hill; ſhe and her choſen maids purſuing the flying deer.

FIRCHIOS! no noiſe I hear. No 5 ſound in the wood of the hill. No deer fly in my ſight; no panting dog purſueth. I ſee not Gealchoſſa my love; fair as the full moon ſetting on the hills of Cromleach. Go, Firchios! 10

67,8 But .... not] But I ſee her not coming **FP** 9 Lamderg;] me; **FP** 9 or] and to **F** to **P** 9 his] my **FP** 9 battle.] war. **P** 10 joy;] my joy; [!] **FP** 11 ſinger.] bard. **FP** *(in* **F** *folgt Strich)* 11 Brann] Bran **FP**, *mit Note:* Bran is a common name of gray-hounds [grey-hounds] to this day. It is a cuſtom in the north of Scotland, to give the names of the heroes mentioned in this poem, to their dogs; a proof that they are familiar to the ear, and their fame generally known. 13 his maſter.] Lamderg. **FP** 14 *Komma nach* Gelchoſſa **FP** 14—15 the ..... ?] the mild daughter of the generous Tuathal? **FP** **68,1** Firchios] Ferchios *(immer)* **FP** 1 ſon] the ſon **F** 1 Aydon,] Aidon, **FP** 2 may be] moves ſtately **P** 2 on the hill;] on Cromla; [.] **FP** 3 ſhe] She **P** 3 her choſen maids] the maids of the bow **FP** 3 purſuing] purſue **P** 4 deer.] ! **P** 5 *kein Absatz* **P** 5 no .... hear.] replied the chief of Cromla, no noiſe meets the ear of Lamderg. [!] **FP** 6 in .... hill.] is in the woods of Lena. **FP** 7 ſight; no] ſight. No **FP** 8 purſueth.] purſues. **FP** 9 love;] , **FP** 10 hills of Cromleach.] hills of Cromla. **F** hills. **P** 10] *für* ! *Komma* **FP**

go to Allad*, the grey-haired ſon of 11
the rock. He liveth in the circle of
ſtones; he may tell of Gealchoſſa.

ALLAD! ſaith Firchios, thou who
dwelleſt in the rock; thou who trem- 15
bleſt alone; what ſaw thine eyes of
age?

I ſaw, anſwered Allad the old, Ul-
[69] lin the ſon of Carbre: He came like a 1
cloud from the hill; he hummed a ſur-
ly ſong as he came, like a ſtorm in
leafleſs wood. He entered the hall of
the plain. Lamderg, he cried, moſt 5
dreadful of men! fight, or yield to Ul-

* Allad is plainly a Druid conſulted on this occa-
ſion.

68,11 Allad,] *Komma fehlt* **FP** 11 grey-] gray- **F** 12 He liveth] His dwelling is **FP** Z. 13:] ſtones. He may know of [*add.* the bright] Gelchoſſa. [!] **FP** 14 Allad!] The ſon of Aidon went; [s,] and [He] ſpoke to the ear of age. Allad! **FP** 15 ſaith Firchios, *fehlt* **FP** 14—15 thou .... rock;] thou that dwelleſt in the rock: **F** dweller of rocks: **P** 16 thou who] thou that **FP** 16 alone;] , **F** ! **P** 18 *kein Absatz* **P** **69,1** Carbre:] Cairbar. **FP** 1—2 came ..... cloud] came, in darkneſs, **P** 2 the hill;] Cromla; [.] **FP** 2 he] and he **F** He **P** 3 ſong] *Komma add.* **P** 3 as he came,] *fehlt* **FP** 3 ſtorm in] blaſt in a **FP** *(Artikel wohl nur versehentlich in* **AB** *ausgefallen)* 5 the plain.] Selma. — **F** Tura. **P** 5 cried,] ſaid, **FP** 6 men!], **FP** 6 fight,] *Komma fehlt* **FP** *Note*] **FP**: Allad is plainly [*fehlt*] a druid: he is called the ſon of the rock, from his dwelling in a cave; and the circle of ſtones here mentioned is the pale of the druidical temple. He is here conſulted as one who had a ſupernatural knowledge [knowlege] of things; from the druids, no doubt, came the ridiculous notion of the ſecond ſight, which prevailed in the highlands and iſles.

lin. Lamderg, replied Gealchoſſa, 7
Lamderg is not here: he fights the
hairy Ulfadha; mighty man, he is not
here. But Lamderg never yields; he 10
will fight the ſon of Carbre. Lovely art
thou, O daughter of Tuathal-Teach-
var! ſaid Ullin. I carry thee to the
houſe of Carbre; the valiant ſhall have
Gealchoſſa. Three days from the top 15
of Cromleach will I call Lamderg to
fight. The fourth, you belong to Ul-
lin, if Lamderg die, or fly my ſword.

ALLAD! peace to thy dreams!—
ſound the horn, Firchios! — Ullin may 20
hear, and meet me on the top of Crom-
leach.

[70] LAMDERG ruſhed on like a ſtorm. 1
On his ſpear he leaped over rivers. Few
were his ſtrides up the hill. The rocks

69,8—10 Lamderg . . . . . . here.] the ſon of battle, is not here. He fights Ulfada *(hier auch* **F** *so)* mighty chief. He is not here, thou firſt of men. [!] **FP** 10 yields; he] yielded. He **F** yields. He **P** 11 Carbre.] Cairbar. [!] **FP** *(darnach Absatz* **F***)* 12—13 thou . . . . Ullin.] thou, ſaid terrible Ullin, daughter of the generous Tuathal. **FP** 13—14 to the . . . . . the] to Cairbar's halls. The **FP** 15—18 Three . . . ſword.] Three days I remain on Cromla, to wait that ſon of battle, Lamderg. On the fourth Gelchoſſa is mine, [;] if the mighty Lamderg flies. **FP** 19—22:] Allad! ſaid the chief of Cromla, peace to thy dreams in the cave. Ferchios, ſound the horn of Lamderg [,] that Ullin may hear on Cromla. [hear in his halls.] **FP** 70,1—12 *nur in* **AB** *(in* **B** *fehlt das Komma Z. 7); in* **FP** *durch abweichenden Text ersetzt, der in* **F** *durch folgende Note (zu 70,1) eingeleitet ist:* The reader will find this paſſage altered from what it was in the fragments of ancient poetry. — It is delivered down very differently by tradition, and the tranſlator has choſen that reading which favours leaſt of bombaſt. *Da der Text*

fly back from his heels; loud crashing
they bound to the plain. His armour, 5
his buckler rung. He hummed a surly
song, like the noise of the falling
stream. Dark as a cloud he stood a-
bove; his arms, like meteors, shone.
From the summit of the hill, he rolled 10
a rock. Ullin heard in the hall of
Carbre.—

F I N I S.

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von **FP** *nur in wenigen Worten mit* **AB** *übereinstimmt, folgt er hier zusammenhängend; er schließt ohne Absatz an* 69,22 *an.* Lamderg, like a roaring storm, ascended the hill from Selma. [Tura.] He hummed a surly song as he went, like the noise of a falling stream. He stood like a cloud on the hill, that varies [He darkly stood upon the hill, like a cloud varying] its form to the wind. He rolled a stone, the sign of war. Ullin heard in Cairbar's hall. The hero heard, with joy, his foe, [.] and [He] took his father's spear. A smile brightens his dark-brown cheek, as he places his sword by his side. The dagger glittered in his hand. He whistled as he went. *Die Episode wird in* **FP** *zu Ende geführt und schließt mit der gegenseitigen tötlichen Verwundung der Rivalen und Gelchossa's Tod aus Gram.*

